

£100 and RADIUM are HIDDEN in To-day's "Daily Mirror." See page 6.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 37.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1903.

One Penny.

Printing-house-square,

Monday Morning.

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£57 in Cash.

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NOT VALID AFTER DEC. 19.

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Dec. 14, 1903.

(All Cheques, Postal Orders, etc., must be made payable to H. E. Hooper, and crossed "and Co.")
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Our special forecast for to-day is: Gusty and rather cold, westerly winds; some showers, with bright intervals in the afternoon.

Lightning-up time for all vehicles, 4.11.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, rather rough; North Sea and Irish Channel, rough.

348th Day of Year.

Monday, Dec. 14, 1903.

17 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

Monday, Dec. 14, 1903.

1903-04.	December.	January.
Sun.	20	27
Mon.	21	4
Tues.	22	5
Wed.	23	6
Thurs.	24	7
Fri.	25	8
Sat.	26	9

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Political.

Lord Rosebery told his Edinburgh audience on Saturday that the Government was treating the nation as a fool.—See page 5.

Forty South London political bodies have decided to invite Mr. Chamberlain to address a mass meeting at the Crystal Palace.

Polling takes place at Dulwich and Lewisham to-morrow. Dr. Rutherford Harris complains of the circulation of libellous statements as to his connection with the Jameson raid, and threatens to take action.

Speaking at Malvern on Saturday, Sir John Gorst said the theory that exports alone benefited a country had been overthrown by Adam Smith, but had been revived by Mr. Chamberlain.

"We must deal with our colonies in the spirit of a partnership," said Sir Horace Tozer, speaking on the Empire at a dinner of the Three Towns Association in London on Saturday.

There will be another meeting of the Cabinet to-day.

Home.

During Saturday night the Thames, in consequence of the heavy rainfall, rose rapidly, and by yesterday had overflowed its banks in many places, much land being flooded along the whole of the valley. All traffic through Teddington Lock was suspended owing to a barge becoming jammed by the force of the inrush of water.

The Home Secretary has signified that he sees no reason for interfering with the sentence of death passed at Aldershot on William Brown, a soldier, and Thomas Cowdrey, a labourer.

The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie is leaving London next Thursday for a six weeks' tour in Egypt.

After transferring 600 steerage passengers to the Zeeland, en route for New York, the Kroonland proceeded to the Mersey for repairs on Saturday.

Cambridge has beaten Oxford in the inter-University cross-country race.

Henley Regatta will be held next year on July 5, 6, and 7.

A resident in Wolverhampton has been mysteriously shot in the hand in a lonely road in the suburbs of that town.

It was reported on Saturday that Madame Curie said she could produce radium more cheaply, but this is now denied.—See page 4.

A man has been swallowed up in an old mine-working at Hanley by part of a street falling into the cavity beneath.—See page 4.

An infants' sterilised milk depot is about to be established by the Lambeth Borough Council near the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children.

The South beat the North at Rugby football on Saturday by twenty-four points to six points. The match was played at Newcastle.

Foreign.

The Kaiser made his first appearance since his operation in the streets of Berlin on Saturday.—See page 5.

King Christian of Denmark will be present at the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Duke of Cumberland's wedding, at Grunoden, Austria. He will probably visit the Kaiser later.

Professor Finsen, who gained one of the Nobel prizes, is now said to be suffering from dropsy.

A discussion on England's commercial relations with Germany was held in the Reichstag on Saturday. The speeches were conciliatory, and an important concession to Germany by the Indian Government with regard to sugar was announced.—See page 5.

Several of the ladies who accompanied the British Parliamentary party to France have written cordial letters to the "Figaro," expressing gratitude for the hospitality which they received.

Brazil has decided to lower its import duties upon goods from countries which impose no tax upon coffee, a leading Brazilian product. In this country coffee is taxed.

Two English ladies have left Salonika for Monastir in order to help the destitute people.

Negotiations on the Orinoco will be re-opened to all nations by Venezuela as soon as the new custom house at Amacuro, opposite Trinidad, is opened, about March next.

One of the victims of a street accident in Paris, who was smartly dressed in male attire, on being taken to a hospital was found to be a woman.—See page 4.

The international six days' bicycle team race in New York, which began on December 7, has been won by the American team, who covered 2,318 miles.

The death is announced, from heart disease, of Captain Charles Talbot, British Consul at Tegidion.

Pension and sick benefit funds and increase of wages for night-workers are among the reforms which the International Congress of Railway Workers, just closed at Barcelona, have decided to urge on the Governments of Europe.

"No one has ever laboured so hard for the true prosperity of his country and for the progress of civilization as Mr. Gladstone," said M. Georges Picot, addressing the French Academy, on Saturday.

At a meeting at Washington yesterday Mr. Root, Secretary for War, declared that a time was coming when America would meet as an enemy some foreign Power, and the Army and Navy would stand shoulder to shoulder.

Colonial.

The M.C.C. made 243 runs for four wickets at Sydney on Saturday against the Australians' 285 in their first innings.

Sir A. Lawley, acting Governor of the Transvaal, has assumed a deputation in favour of Asiatic labour in South Africa that their arguments are being considered by the Government.

A practical cotton-grower will shortly be sent to South Africa to teach the natives how to improve their crops.

Mr. Carnegie's ideas on a United America are expressed in the sentence, "I think that Canada will some day annex the Republic," from a letter to the Winnipeg Historical Society.



Court Circular.

Buckingham Palace, Sunday, Dec. 13.

His Majesty the King and the gentlemen in attendance were present at Divine service in the Marlborough House Chapel this morning.

The King, attended by Captain G. Holford, visited their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and remained to luncheon.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.

Lord Brassey delivers an address on Canada at a special general meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce.

Surgeon-General Sir William Taylor presents prizes and certificates to the Volunteer Ambulance School of Instruction at the London Rifle Brigade headquarters.

Lord George Hamilton presides at the annual meeting of the London Municipal Society, Constitutional Club, 5.30.

Mr. Orchardson, R.A., presents a six months' scholarship and medal to the successful pupil at the St. John's Wood Art Schools.

Lady Strachey presides at a ladies' dinner in aid of the Women's Local Government Society, Trocadero, 7.30.

The inaugural meeting of the Women's Branch in connection with the Tariff Reform League will be held at 1.30 p.m. Piccadilly, by permission of Lord Glenesk, at five o'clock. Sir Vincent Caillard will preside, and will be supported by Mr. Leo Maxse and other speakers. Admission will be by ticket.

Theatres.

Adelphi. "The Earl and the Girl," 8.

Comedy. "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Garrick, "Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Gorring's Necklace," 8.35.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

Roxbury, "Der Hergottschmied von Ammergau," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.

Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.

Hippodrome, "Consul," and Varieties, 2 and 8.

Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

* Matines are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

TWO BYE-ELECTIONS.

To-Morrow's Exciting Contests in London.

A DULWICH SENSATION

To-morrow polling takes place in two London constituencies—Dulwich and Lewisham.

In the former the Conservative and Liberal candidates for the seat left vacant by Sir John Blundell Maple's death are respectively Dr. Rutherford Harris and Mr. C. F. G. Masterman. At Lewisham, Major Coates (Conservative) and Mr. J. W. Cleland (Liberal) aspire to the seat left vacant by the death of Mr. John Penn.

Excitement at Dulwich.

Saturday was a busy and exciting day in Dulwich. The Liberals are making capital out of Dr. Harris's connection with the South African mines. They issue placards printed in red (the Conservative colour) ironically inviting the electors to vote for "Harris and Chinese labour."

Great excitement was caused by the receipt of a letter from Dr. Harris's solicitors by the Liberal candidate. They complained of the circulation of a local paper, seven columns of which have been taken by the Liberals at advertising rates for the expression of their views.

"The paper," the letter complained, "contains statements which are an outrageous libel on Dr. Rutherford Harris, and for which you will be held responsible. These statements also bring you within the provision of the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act of 1885, the consequences of which are well known to you. We invite you to consider what adequate steps in these circumstances you will take in view of your position as a Parliamentary candidate."

As soon as this letter was received Mr. Masterman's agents withdrew all copies of the paper from circulation.

Another cause of excitement was the rumour that Dr. Harris contemplated issuing a writ for criminal libel against Mr. John Burns, M.P., who recently attacked him in the division. No decisive steps, however, have yet been taken, though the matter is under the consideration of counsel.

Both candidates were vigorously conducting a personal canvass of the constituency, on Saturday. Dr. Harris has a multitude of offers of carriages for polling day, among those thus giving support being Sir Thomas Dewart, M.P., and Lady Maple. The latter has written expressing her anxiety that Dr. Harris will have a good majority. This, she thought, would be a kindly compliment to her late husband's memory.

The Nonconformist ministers are taking an active part in issuing manifestos and canvassing for the Liberal candidate, and on Saturday two hundred Free Churchmen conducted a canvass of the doubtfuls.

Good Temper at Lewisham.

At Lewisham the poll is likely to be very heavy.

Mr. Chamberlain has written Major Coates a letter in which he remarks that the policy of reciprocal preference is even more in our interests than in that of the Colonies. In wishing Major Coates hearty success he says: "The greatest need of our crowded population is more employment and fair wages, and this can only be secured by a policy which will defend our markets against unfair competition, and will increase trade between the different parties of the Empire."

On the other hand, there is the letter of the Duke of Devonshire to a prominent Lewisham Unionist, in which his Grace throws the weight of his influence against the policy of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League.

Both these letters are being widely circulated.

A TALE OF SIXPENCE.

Comedy of an Advertisement and a Lost Coin.

A lady advertised in the "Daily Mail" the other day, offering £5 for the return of a lost "lucky sixpence."

The advertisement only mentioned a small area in Sloane-street and Piccadilly, and the lady had eighty-three lucky sixpences brought to her in one afternoon. She had worn the sixpence every day for nearly four years, and

knew it only by the general appearance and the size of the hole.

At last a "sweet little old lady" brought a sixpence which the advertiser recognised at once. She was given the £5, and left with benedictions.

Next day the lady found her own lucky sixpence, which had not been dropped in the street after all.

"And," says the lady, "the worst of it is, I had given £5 for one that was not really a bit like it, except for the hole. Such a nice old thing she seemed, too. Isn't it awful to think of such deceit?"

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

A More Optimistic Tone Prevails To-Day.

The most important news from the Far East this morning is that the reply of Russia has been received by the Japanese Government in Tokio.

The contents of the Note have not been officially communicated, but it is believed that Russia makes certain concessions in Manchuria, and offers Japan a free hand in Korea.

There is (says Reuter) no excitement, notwithstanding the Emperor's dissolution of the Diet, which is expected to have little or no effect on the diplomatic situation. The Government remains calm and confident, and is evidently resolved to conduct the negotiations with Russia according to its original plan. The general election of the House of Representatives has been fixed for March 1.

In St. Petersburg the dissolution of the Diet is considered a sign of peace—as the best Imperial proof of the pacific intentions of the Japanese Government, and as an opportune delay assuring the Japanese Government the liberty of action necessary to terminate favourably the negotiations with Russia.

The optimistic feeling was reflected in the French Chamber on Saturday. M. Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, said he was certain Russia and Japan would succeed in reaching an agreement satisfactory to both.

A correspondent of the "New York Herald" at Port Arthur points out that the crisis has brought about a study of each other's countries on the part of the Russians and Japanese.

Numerous Japanese romances have lately been translated by Russian officers, and the Russian classics are being extensively translated into Japanese.

IMPORTANT NAVAL REFORM.

The Admiralty has issued an announcement of important changes in the regulations governing the promotion and retirement of naval officers.

The number of years after their last service when officers are to be retired under the old and new regulations is shown in the following table:—

	Old Regulations.	New Regulations.
Admirals	7	5
Vice-admirals	7	3
Rear-admirals	7	3
Captains	6	3
Commanders and lieutenants	5	3

Promotion of junior officers will now be accelerated with the result that our admirals will be younger.

CANNIBAL TROOPS.

Reports, which are considered well founded, are arriving as to the prevalence of cannibalism among the Mullah's troops.

According to these accounts a native named Hugli, who was executed by the Mullah, was eaten by the camp followers. The Mullah then ordered the execution of some women who had taken a leading part in the orgie, and these were in their turn cooked and eaten by their comrades.

THE THAMES STEAMERS.

Approval will be asked at the London County Council meeting to-morrow for the Thames River Steamboat Service Bill, 1904, which the Parliamentary Committee has prepared.

It is proposed to spend £280,000 on the construction of steamboats and the acquisition and improvement of piers.

RELIC FOR WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

Archbishop Bourne, who, on his arrival at Milan, was presented by Cardinal Ferrai with a relic of San Carlo Borromeo for the new Westminster Cathedral.

It consists of a portion of the body of San Carlo in a crystal urn, which is enclosed in a magnificent silver case.

TRAIN FALLS OVER A BRIDGE.

A train coming from Malaga, Spain, has fallen over a bridge near Cabra, dropping fifty feet.

At least twelve persons have been killed and twenty injured.

BURIED ALIVE.

Man Disappears Down the Shaft of a Disused Coal Pit.

The quaint appositeness of fairy-tale and the grim logic of reality are strangely blended in a remarkable story that reaches us from the Midland town of Hanley.

Towards seven o'clock on Saturday morning, it being dark at the time, a Mr. Joseph Pritchard was stopped in St. John-street by a working-man, who wished to know the hour. Mr. Pritchard told him, and was about to turn away, when the other, believed to be a candle-maker, named John Holland, threw up his arms, uttered a cry, and, before the astonished Pritchard could intervene, sank into the earth. It was as though a trap-door had opened under him.

Mr. Pritchard heard a crumbling noise at his feet, the muffled sound of a heavy body falling, always falling; then silence. He looked downward, and a great hole gaped where a minute before had been a block of solid pavement.

He called for help, and, at the same time, kept a sharp eye on the hole, which, in the darkness, was a veritable death-trap for those who were answering his summons.

A hurried investigation proved that the man Holland had fallen down the shaft of a disused coal-pit. The whole district is burrowed with these mining works, sealed and paved it is true, but an ever-present danger to the good citizens of Hanley.

A Miss Powell, returning from a ball only an hour or two before the accident, had passed the very same spot where Holland was engulfed.

Unavailing Efforts at Rescue.

Unavailing efforts to rescue the poor fellow were made all morning. Early on Sunday a meeting of the Town Council was held, and Mr. Atkinson, H.M. Inspector of Mines, who was present, reluctantly declared that it was almost impossible to recover the body, which, during Saturday night's storm must have been buried beneath a heavy fall of earth from the mouth of the shaft. And, in addition, Holland had no doubt been suffocated by the poisonous gases that emanated from the empty coalpit, which had already extinguished several Davy lamps that had been lowered.

It was, therefore, decided that, with the consent of the relatives, a burial service should be held over the shaft.

A few hours later, and in the pouring rain, all Hanley, from the mayor and corporation downwards, stood with uncovered heads beside the spot where Holland has so suddenly been carried away. The ceremony, telegraphs an eye-witness, was most impressive, as these thousands stood bareheaded around that strange and unique grave.

Immediately afterwards the pit-shaft was filled in and boarded over.

To-day a special meeting of the Town Council will be held to consider the question of the disused coal pits with which the district is undermined. The people whose houses are in the neighbourhood of the accident are seeking quarters elsewhere.

THE RAILWAY OUTRAGE.

The man who so brutally assaulted Miss Goss in a railway carriage between Alasgar and Stoke-on-Trent is still at large, and, if an arrest is not soon made, the original reward of £100, offered by Miss Goss's father, will probably be increased.

Miss Goss was on Saturday able to tell the police the story of the outrage and to answer a number of questions. With this additional information it is hoped that the police will arrive more speedily on the track of her assailant.

A man answering to the description given by Miss Goss was arrested and released at Newcastle-under-Lyme on Saturday; and the dangerous escaped lunatic, who has been looked for in vain, is now thought to have met with his death in some way or another.

The driver and guard who were suspended for not replying to Miss Goss's signal when she pulled the communication cord have been summoned to appear before the board of directors of the railway company at Stoke-on-Trent to-morrow. It is, they say, a common occurrence for people to pull the communication cord "for fun," and lately much annoyance and inconvenience have been caused by practical jokers of this description.

SILENT MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

The note books of the official shorthand reporters in the Gallery of the Reichstag state that in the five years' existence of the present German Parliament, seventy-four deputies have never uttered a speech. There is less reticence in our own House of Commons.

AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES.

For several days last week the Atlantic Transport liner Menominee, bound from London to New York with passengers and a general cargo, was drifting helplessly upon the ocean at the mercy of wind and wave.

On Monday last, when 560 miles west of Scilly, she encountered very heavy gales, and one wave which struck her smashed the rudder, rendering the Menominee totally unmanageable. After three days, temporary repairs were effected, but the liner having drifted back 200 miles, the captain decided to put back to the nearest port, with the result that the Menominee reached Falmouth yesterday.

IN MALE ATTIRE.

Tragedy of a Pretty Woman Who Posed as a Man.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday.

This is a sad and extraordinary story.

On Saturday night a smart tilbury, in which were two well-dressed young men, was driving rapidly down the Avenue d'Alma, when it came into collision with a heavy van.

The occupants of the tilbury were thrown out, and one, young and very distinguished looking, gave no sign of life. He was taken to the hospital, and placed in the men's ward, and there he died during the night. What was the astonishment of the doctors and nurses when they found that the supposed youth was a young woman. She was dressed in a suit of the latest cut, a fashionable overcoat, and a bowler hat, and until the doctors attended to her no one had the least suspicion of her sex.

She was Mlle. Diane Ogier d'Ivry, daughter of Count Ogier d'Ivry, a retired army officer. She was a very pretty blonde of only twenty summers. All Paris is talking about this singular affair, and the papers are full of eulogies of the young lady's loveliness.

Although such a story may seem strange to English readers, in the Bois de Boulogne many young women dress as men when driving fast equipages.

She wore men's clothes, she used to say, because she did not wish to be annoyed by young men in the street.

AN EDEN OFF IRELAND.

Suggestion to Preserve Achill Island as a National Park.

Why should not Great Britain have its Yellowstone Park? Sir H. H. Johnston made a most fascinating proposal, in the *Times* on Saturday, for the preservation of Achill Island, off the coast of Mayo, as a national park.

With enthusiasm he describes its natural charms, and points out that, among other advantages, it is only twenty hours' journey from London, and is connected with the mainland of Mayo by a causeway.

It might become a paradise in which the last aspects of the indigenous British fauna could be exhibited.

He goes on to state that there would be, of course, an absolute interdict against "sportsmen" and gunners; it would no longer be permissible to shoot the seals that haunt the caves and rocks round Achill; while the deer, wild goats, foxes, eagles, ravens, swans, gulls, choughs, and other wild birds and beasts would be similarly protected.

People would, he adds, then visit Achill Island at all seasons of the year (the climate is remarkably mild in winter) for the pleasure and interest afforded by the contemplation of its wild fauna. We should, in short, have an object-lesson of what Ireland and most other parts of the British Islands were like under prehistoric conditions.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

Much interest is aroused here (telegraphs our New York Correspondent), particularly in view of the recent wedding of the Duke of Roxburgh, by the announcement that Mrs. Robert Goeler has asserted herself as the head of the Goeler family, and requested the managers of the Metropolitan Opera House to print her name hereafter as "Mrs. Goeler."

Mrs. Robert Goeler has entertained King Edward (as Prince of Wales) and the German Emperor on her yacht, and the Sultan of Turkey recently decorated her because the yacht was detained several days at the Dardanelles by Turkish officials.

HONOURING A BRITISH OFFICER.

It is only a brave nation that honours a brave man. And when that nation is Italy, and that brave man a British officer, there is a double reason for congratulation.

On Saturday, amid loud and prolonged cheers, the Italian Chamber, in the person of its President, of Admiral Mirabilo, Minister of Marine, and of Signor Sautini, sent congratulations, greetings, and wishes for a speedy recovery to Commander Gaunt, of the British cruiser Mohawk, who had been dangerously wounded while avenging the insult offered to the Italian flag at Durbo.

BRITISH DELEGATES THANK M. LOUBET.

Before leaving French soil the British Parliamentary delegates sent a telegram to M. Loubet thanking the French people and their President for the magnificent welcome extended to them during their stay. They are persuaded that the visit will contribute towards enlarging the horizon of human thought, and that the collaboration of France and Great Britain will assure for the future a better understanding and mutual appreciation between the two nations.

A LUCKY BRICKLAYER.

A New South Wales bricklayer has drawn the winning horse in the sweepstake on the Melbourne Cup, a success which entitles him to £6,000. When he was informed of the result he said: "Well, I never!" and then went on with his work.

REJECTED BOUQUET.

A Despairing French Baron Attempts Suicide.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday.

In despair at being rejected by his fiancée, Baron Jacques d'Adelsward, a well-known Parisian, has shot himself near Mulhouse.

He was some time ago imprisoned for his part in what was known as the "Avenue Friedland affair." In court he promised to enlist in the Foreign Legion, but on making application at the Ministry of War he was refused. His former friends refused to see him, and his despair was made complete when he was rejected by the young lady betrothed to him, who was the daughter of the Comtesse de Maupeou.

Anxious for at least a last interview, he went to Mulhouse, drove to the country-house of the Comtesse de Maupeou, where he sent in his card, and a bouquet intended for the young lady.

The Comtesse de Maupeou came to the door to explain that she could not receive him. A little conversation followed, and then the Baron suddenly took a revolver from his pocket and fired it at his temple. The bullet glided over the bone, cut a vein, and came out just over the eye.

The wounded man was driven back to Mulhouse, and afterwards brought to Paris. It is thought the wound will not be fatal.

It appears that the Baron had previously cut the head of the bullet with a pair of scissors, so as to make the missile more deadly.

RAEBURNS AND ROMNEYS.

A Large Crowd at Christie's, but Not Many Buyers.

The expectation of sensational prices always attracts a large crowd at Christie's, and the rooms were very full on Saturday afternoon; but the low figures at which several good pictures were knocked down showed that the great majority of those present had come with no more serious business in view than sightseeing.

The chief attraction was an excellent Raeburn, a portrait of Mrs. Barbara Murchison, a lady of pleasing appearance, though not in the first blush of youth; she wears a perfectly plain white dress with a dark sash, and a band in her auburn hair, and she sits under a tree with her arms folded in her lap. The picture was accompanied by a four-page autograph letter from the artist, and was sold for 950 guineas (Colnaghi and Co.) a by no means excessive price as things go.

Another Raeburn, but one very far inferior in quality, was the portrait of Miss Murray, afterwards Mrs. Hull, a little girl in white dress, with very straight hair, which fetched 175 guineas. Yet a third picture by the same master reached only 75 guineas, and at such a price this beautiful portrait of Lieut.-Colonel Henry Knight, in uniform, is truly a bargain.

Three genuine Romneys were also sold cheaply, although not fine examples of the artist; the Lady Hamilton, a flat and unintelligent presentation of the famous beauty, went for 260 guineas (Dowdeswell); a profile view of the Duke of Richmond fetched 52 guineas; and 130 guineas was paid for a striking sketch portrait of a gentleman.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the fifth Duke of Argyll, did not meet with the appreciation deserved, and was bought in at 650 guineas.

AN OLD GENERAL'S DARLING.

General Jaubert, who is seventy-six years of age, is petitioning the Paris Courts to set aside his children's opposition to his intended second marriage with Mlle. Izquier, a lady of the ballet whom he has installed as his house-keeper.

The general's sons say they have already had to pay £3,600 for the young lady's extravagances in dress and other luxuries. They allege that she smokes cigarettes, dances extravagantly, and makes fun of the general before the domestics.

The hearing has been adjourned.

LADY'S DEVOTION TO HER PET.

Her devotion to her pet spaniel has led to the death of Miss Ada Alderton, of Clifton-street, Brighton, who went downstairs in the early hours of Saturday morning to make sure that the dog was not cold.

At the foot of the staircase she struck a match, but the draught caught the flame and set her nightdress on fire. Miss Alderton died from the effects of the burns she received.

NO FIREWORKS FOR KING ALFONSO.

All the structures for the grand firework display in honour of King Alfonso's visit to Lisbon have been destroyed by a violent storm, which also blew down the royal stand, thus rendering the firework display impossible.

A large quantity of oil and several waggon-loads of American bacon, valued at £200,000, were destroyed by fire at Metz railway station yesterday.

NO CHEAP RADIUM.

How Sir W. Crookes Would Use a Pound.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday.

Madame Curie this afternoon informed me that there was no truth in the report that she had found the means of producing radium cheaply. It still remains excessively dear, she added.

Following closely upon the pathetic appeals of the London Hospital and the London Skin Hospital for more radium came the report from Paris (which we are now authorised to contradict) that Madame Curie had discovered a method of producing the precious metal more cheaply.

The Scientist in his Laboratory.

Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., the great scientist, who was experimenting in his own laboratory with radium, when told by telephone that Madame Curie was reported to have discovered a way of producing radium more cheaply, frankly said, "I don't believe it."

"But Madame Curie is reported to have made the announcement herself," said a *Daily Mirror* representative.

"If Madame Curie said so," replied Sir William Crookes, gallantly, "then you may believe it, absolutely. I would not accept the story on any less authority."

"What effect would cheap radium have on medical practice?"

"I do not know. I have only experimented with it in a scientific way."

"And in small quantities?"

"Yes, in very small quantities."

"If you had more, could you carry your experiments much further?"

If Sir William Had a Pound.

Sir William Crookes laughed. "If I had a pound," he said, "I could shut all my enemies up in a room with it and kill them . . ." A pause—followed by this correction, "I should probably kill myself first!"

"What is the largest quantity you have used?"

"I have never experimented with more than a gramme. That is quite enough. I shouldn't care about handling more."

By way of emphasis the scientist added: "It is no use saying radium is worth £1,000, or £10,000 an ounce. You simply cannot put any value upon it. If you offered £10,000,000 for an ounce you couldn't get it."

WHEN MR. BALFOUR SMILED.

The public watched Mr. Balfour keenly on Saturday night as he sat in the stalls at Daly's listening to "The Country Girl." The reason was that the piece contained many references to matters political.

The most interesting point was reached when Mr. Rutland Barrington sang "It will all come right in the future." Mr. Balfour seemed thoroughly to enjoy the humour of the situation, as Mr. Rutland Barrington, trying to stifle the laugh in his throat, sang—

"It will all come right in the future,
Though we cannot at present see how;
But it will all be right in the future,
Is at work on the problem now!
He is bound to get back, for he never will lack
The support we give him now!"

TROUBLE OVER THE TE DEUM.

As the setting for the Te Deum at Harpenden Parish Church proved too difficult for the congregation to join in, a committee composed of the churchwardens, some of the sidesmen, and members of the congregation, and the senior member of the choir, was formed to discuss the question. But the way in which this committee was nominated has caused dissatisfaction among the other adult members of the choir, and they have withdrawn their services, which were given voluntarily. The committee and the choir are now to settle the dispute between them.

BLOODHOUNDS AS DETECTIVES.

Even if an experiment which is to be made at Millwall Docks does not result in the capture of more thieves than formerly the moral effect is likely to be considerable.

The dock police are to be provided with bloodhounds for tracking down thieves, and in order to secure success the authorities have obtained possession of portions of clothing worn by notorious characters. By this means it is hoped that the bloodhound will be assisted in identifying the scent of his quarry.

SHILLING POPULARITY BAROMETER.

Lord Milner expressed the desire that any movement to give him a reception upon his visit to Johannesburg should emanate from the populace.

A shilling subscription has been set on foot in order to meet his lordship's view, and the rush of all classes to subscribe is tremendous.

TO EXTEND THE CAB RADIUS.

Wandsworth Borough Council is to ask the other outlying Metropolitan local authorities to co-operate in a movement to introduce a Bill to Parliament for extending the cab radius to the limit of the London County Council's boundary.

Mr. George Edwards will produce the new musical play, "Madame Sherry," at the Apollo Theatre on Saturday next.

"PROTECTION AND WATER."**Lord Rosebery Condemns the Premier's Methods.**

Lord Rosebery addressed two great meetings at the Free Trade Demonstration at Edinburgh on Saturday, his audience altogether numbering between seven and eight thousand persons. At the first meeting, in the Empire Palace Theatre, there were five peers and fifteen M.P.s on the platform.

Lord Rosebery first replied to Mr. Balfour's charge that the Army had been "starved" under the Liberal Administration of 1892-5. The Premier's speech, he said, was an extravaganza worthy of the Christmas season.

He (Lord Rosebery), Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir Henry Fowler—the "guilty three" Mr. Balfour had indicated—had no more to do with the military breakdown in the Boer war than they had to do with the fall of Jericho.

The Government began war with 15,000,000 fewer serviceable cartridges than the Liberals—turned out of office on this very question of ammunition—had provided in times of profound peace.

Some of Lord Rosebery's points in dealing with the fiscal question were:

Making Game of Electors.

Mr. Chamberlain is sent out by Mr. Balfour as a sort of beater to beat the woods for game. You, the electors of the United Kingdom, are the game.

If the beater is successful Mr. Balfour will bag the game; if not he will have to adopt some other course of "protection and water."

Mr. Balfour's methods are not consonant with the usual methods of English Ministers; they are not absolutely plain-dealing.

Mr. Chamberlain's policy, by stimulating new competition in corn-growing, would harm rather than benefit British agriculture, and would tend to aggravate the depopulation of country districts.

We should not rashly risk the future of the "stately company of commonwealths" comprising the British Empire on the mere hazard of the assurance of a single man, however distinguished.

"The nation," he said, "is treated by this Government as a fool."

The Magic Piper.

In his second speech Lord Rosebery remarked on the astonishing hold Mr. Chamberlain had on the English Press, and said papers which had been firmly attached to free trade were now going "hopping and bounding and skipping after the magic piper."

That gave him more anxiety than all the rest of the "missionary" work put together.

Free trade was the corner stone of our prosperity.

LUXURIOUS MENDICANTS.

The dilemma which constantly confronts the philanthropic as to whether those who solicit alms from them are deserving of charity or not, will in no way be simplified when it is learnt that at Brentford on Saturday a woman, charged as a professional beggar, usually obtained as much as £2 10s. per week by mendicancy.

But this was by no means all, for she enjoyed a private income, her husband earned from £1 to £2 per week, and recently the worthy couple had been left a large sum of money.

For fourteen days, by the magistrate's decision, the woman will be absent from her husband, whose habit it was to remain at home in the evening with one child, while his wife took the other out on her begging expeditions.

At another London police-court it was elicited that a blind man, who was in arrears in respect of a maintenance due to his wife, made plenty of money as a street musician, and ever since his marriage had been able to live in a good house, and "keep a good table." He has now, however, deserted his wife and their eight children.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The Admiralty have ordered H.M. torpedo gunboat, *Circe*, which has just been refitted at a cost of £52,000, to be commissioned for service on the West Coast of England. The two places of the sister gunboat *Renard*, two smaller sections of the Royal Engineers, fully equipped, left Aldershot for Malta and Gibraltar for experimental work in the Mediterranean on Saturday.

Captain G. L. Foster, D.S.O., R.F.A., has been appointed D.A.G. on the staff of Sir Charles Knox, commanding Fourth Division of the Second Army Corps and Salisbury Plain district.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE OUTLOOK.

In spite of slack business, Saturday's tendency on the Stock Exchange kept good throughout, for people were discussing politics in the Far East more favourably, and in banking circles money prospects were held to be brighter.

The better news from the Far East naturally caused Japanese and Chinese bonds to be a little firmer, and so all speculators took a cheerful tone generally, and so all speculators were inclined to improve. Copper shares are in most hands held in Paris and in London, for in the metal trade circles there is a general opinion of the prospects of copper, and possibly exaggerating them.

Hoisting of prices by the American finance houses was the feature of American Rail. But the public have no part at all in it, and the British investor has been wisely washing his hands of American Rail for some time past.

There are evidences of profit taking in Argentine Rail, after the fall in the Argentine currency, and there seem to be a little more disposition to pick up Mexican currency.

Oil prices are rising still on the Russian Oilfields, and the disposition to gamble in Russian oil shares continues.

It is a remarkable outcome, as the rise in oil prices is a very speculative movement.

Most of the mining sections were rather better on Saturday, though it will not have escaped notice that some of the Chinese viceroys are apparently very hostile towards Chinese labour for the Kuan.

THE KAISER GAY.**His Majesty's First Public Appearance Since His Illness.**

Berlin was agreeably surprised on Saturday afternoon by an unexpected visit of the Emperor to the city. His Majesty visited the Royal Art Exhibition, the people en route enthusiastically cheering him upon his first public appearance since his operation.

In the evening His Majesty, in the undress uniform of the Life Guards, accompanied by the Empress, visited the Royal Schauspielhaus, where a military comedy was performed. As the Imperial couple entered (says Reuter) the whole audience spontaneously stood up, and men and women alike gave three hearty "hochs."

His Majesty looked well, and had a good colour, though he seemed a trifl nervous. He seemed to enjoy the play, and laughed and conversed gaily with the Empress the whole evening.

It is said the Emperor will leave for a Mediterranean voyage after the New Year. The captain of the Hohenzollern has received orders to have his vessel ready to leave on February 6.

Laffan says, according to the "Asty," of Athens, the German Emperor will spend several days there while on his tour.

SUGAR CONCESSION TO GERMANY.**Germans Had Every Reason to Avoid Irritating Great Britain.**

Germany's commercial relations with Great Britain, India, and the Colonies were discussed with some heat at Saturday's sitting of the Reichstag. One party proposed to extend the existing agreements indefinitely, another party for two years, and the Anglophobes considered that one year was more than sufficient.

The House finally adopted the middle course, Count Posadowsky, Secretary of State, springing a surprise upon the Anglophobes by producing a despatch from the German Ambassador in London, wherein it was agreed that after December 2 the counter-vailing duty on sugar in British India would be abolished, provided such sugar was produced before August 31, in countries which, like Germany, were parties to the Brussels Convention.

This concession seemed to satisfy the more moderate Agrarians, who, as large growers of beet, are the chief persons affected by the abolition of the Indian sugar tax.

The tone of the House, we may add, was, for the most part, conciliatory, and not at all inclined to disturb the very satisfactory relations that exist between the two countries.

Herr Berstein, socialist, in his speech said that, "if Germans thought Mr. Chamberlain's plans were likely to harm German trade, they should do all they could to win over the British to friendship. With Germany threats were useless. Germany's exports to Great Britain amounted to twenty-five per cent. of her entire exports, while Great Britain sent but eight per cent. of hers to Germany. Germans had every reason to avoid irritating Great Britain."

MUSIC-HALL OR THEATRE?

Apparently nothing decisive has been settled as to whether the Lyceum Theatre, after it has been rebuilt, is to become a "Palace of Varieties," as threatened, for at an extraordinary meeting of the proprietors on Saturday the chairman mentioned that the form of entertainment was a question for the board of the new company which is being formed.

THE FINGER-PRINT DETECTIVE.

The Scotland-yard detective, Sergeant Colins, who has gained distinction as an expert in the finger-print method of identifying criminals, was on Saturday promoted to the rank of inspector.

Public attention was called to his success only a week or so ago in securing the arrest of the men charged with stealing jewels, valued at £10,000, from a London auction room.

COVERED VANS AS STREET DANGERS.

The London County Council will to-morrow be asked to approve of a by-law, which has for its object the abolition of a frequent source of danger to traffic in the streets.

It is proposed to forbid, under penalty of a fine, any vehicle to be driven along thoroughfares unless it is so constructed that the driver has a full and uninterrupted view of the traffic both in front and abreast of him on either side.

"HIGHLY NERVOUS WOMEN."

The evidence adduced for the defence of Elizabeth Scott, residing at Burlington-road, Marylebone, who was charged before the Marylebone magistrate with stealing two Christmas cards from a Westbourne-grove drapery establishment, was intended to show that she was suffering from a form of kleptomania.

A doctor said highly nervous women at her time of life—her age was given as forty—were not responsible at times for their actions.

Though the woman in this case was not insane, she was on the border-line. The magistrate released her on her sister's recognisance.

M.C.C. v. AUSTRALIA.**The Englishmen in a Satisfactory Position.**

The Australians finished their opening innings in the first test match at Sydney on Saturday for 285 runs, to which the M.C.C. had responded with 243 runs for four wickets at the close of play, or only forty-two runs behind, with six wickets in hand. This is a most favourable position for the Englishmen to be in, as there is very little "tail" in the team, and the other six men ought to put on a couple of hundred runs or so.

The credit of the English success on Saturday is due to Tyldesley—the Lancashire professional, who batted brilliantly—and R. E. Foster and Braund, who at a critical time played very careful, correct cricket. P. F. Warner, the English captain, made the unenviable "duck," being caught out to a bumballing ball.

Of the English bowlers in the Australian innings, Arnold came out with the analysis of four wickets for seventy-six runs. Rhodes took two for forty-one, Hirst two for forty-seven, and Bosanquet two for fifty-two. From Hirst twenty-seven, and from Braund thirty-nine runs were scored without either of them taking a wicket. Present score:—

AUSTRALIA—First Innings.	
R. A. Duff, c Lilley, b Arnold	3
V. Trumper, c Foster, b Hirst	5
C. Hill, c Lilley, b Hirst	5
M. A. Noble, c Foster, b Arnold	133
W. P. Warner, c Foster, b Arnold	36
A. J. Hopkins, b Hirst	39
W. P. Howell, c Refil, b Arnold	5
S. E. Gregory, b Bosanquet	23
F. G. Lander, b Rhodes	4
J. V. Kelly, c Foster, b Rhodes	10
J. V. Saunders, not out	67
Extras	3
Total	285
M.C.C.—First Innings.	
P. F. Warner, b Laver	0
Hayward, b Howell	15
Tyldesley, b Noble	63
Arnold, c Laver, b Armstrong	27
R. E. Foster, not out	73
Braund, not out	67
Extras	8
Total (for four wickets)	243

THE CABLE RACE FROM AUSTRALIA.

News on transmission from Australia to London has to pass over between 14,000 and 15,000 miles of land and ocean. On Saturday a cablegram recording the close of the Australian innings in the test match travelled that vast journey from Sydney cricket ground to Fleet-street in the astounding time of three minutes and a half. It had to pass through eight intermediate cable stations:—

The route followed and the distances between each cable station are as follow:—

Sydney to Brisbane, Queensland	400 miles
Brisbane to Townsville	1,817 miles
Townsville to Port Moresby	2,000 miles
Fanning Island to Vancouver	4,437 miles
Vancouver to Montreal	3,000 miles
Montreal to Sydney, Cape Breton	989 miles
Cape Breton to Heart's Content, Newfoundland	369 miles
Heart's Content to Valentia	1,900 miles
Valentia to London	600 miles
Total	14,566 miles.

A DISHONEST LOVER.

A young man named Hellingham was paying court to a young woman lodging at a house in Westminster. But when he found himself without money he resorted to the ignoble expedient of making off with two watches which he found at the house on the occasion of one of his visits.

The Westminster magistrate, however, dealt with him for the offence of illegally pawning the watches, and imposed a fine.

A BOY'S ESCAPADES.

A lad whose career during the thirteen years of his existence has included escapes from various police stations—on one occasion by climbing up a chimney—and an adventurous life among the Welsh mountains, has just been recaptured in London, after eluding the vigilance of the master of an industrial school at Upton Park, Essex, who had taken some of the boys to a football match.

A DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Catherine Foster, who has just died in Alresford Workhouse, at the age of eighty-seven, was the daughter of a Waterloo veteran, and had followed the colours in many lands for a considerable part of her life.

Her father, after Waterloo, served with the army of occupation, and was joined by his wife. The daughter Catherine was born in 1816, and in 1843 she married a soldier whose regiment was stationed at Portsmouth.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S PRESENT.

Among the goods landed from the Cunard liner *Etruria*, which arrived at Liverpool from New York on Saturday, was the handsome silver dinner service which Americans have presented to Sir Thomas Lipton.

The elaborate centrepiece records that Sir Thomas, "by his good tempered sportsmanship, his generosity to families of our soldiers, and his hospitality to Americans at home and abroad, has done much towards promoting Anglo-American friendship." Distinctive American emblems are embodied in the design, in conjunction with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, and the ivy leaf of friendship.

The fiftieth performance of "The Orchid" will take place at the Gaiety Theatre this evening.

SHORT HOME NEWS.**TWO PARISHES FOR SALE.**

The late Earl of Crawford's seat, Dunecle, is to be put up for sale by public auction in the early part of next year.

The sale will also include the entire parishes of Echt and Skene, comprising 22,198 acres.

NAVAL OFFICER FOUND DEAD.

Lieutenant Frederick W. Triggs, of H.M.S. *Anson*, was found shot through the head in a first-class carriage at Sheerness Dockyard Station on Friday night. He had been absent without leave two days. A revolver and a magazine Christmas number lay on the floor.

MAIDSTONE'S REMARKABLE DEATHS.

Canon Joy, Vicar of Maidstone, and two of his former churchwardens, Dr. Plomley and Mr. A. F. Carfe, now lie dead.

Dr. Plomley had a paralytic seizure on Friday while attending Canon Joy, and died early yesterday morning, a few hours later than his vicar, who was very popular among all classes.

SAFE ROBBERY AT A POST OFFICE.

The post office at Ormskirk was broken into during Saturday night, and the safe, weighing about 29 cwt., was dragged through the sorting room, on a mail bag, into the garden behind the premises. Here it was broken open with crowbars, and about £15 were stolen. The postmaster has yet been made.

IRON-MADE FORTUNES.

Two iron wills yielding together duty to the Exchequer on assessments of about £650,000 came in for probate on Saturday.

One was that of Mr. Richard Crawshay of Abergavenny, whose estate exceeds half a million. The other iron will was that of Mr. Arthur Challis Kennard, of the Falkirk Iron Company, whose fortune is valued at nearly £150,000.

M.P.S. TO VISIT ST. LOUIS.

Lord Lyveden reached Southampton on Saturday afternoon at his journey to Washington and St. Louis for the purpose of arranging for the visit of members of Parliament to the exhibition at the latter city next year.

At Washington, Lord Lyveden was presented to President Roosevelt, who showed great interest in the projected visit, and also in the course of conversation discussed the Alaskan boundary settlement.

THE CORELLI LIBEL SUITS.

An unprecedented number of applications has been made for reserved seats to hear Miss Marie Corelli's libel actions at Birmingham on Wednesday. The Warwickshire Under-Sheriff has received letters from various parts of the county, and particularly Stratford, asking him if he can find seats. His powers to comply are very limited. The private gallery holds eleven people, and the public gallery has only seating accommodation for 120 people.

HERBERT SPENCER MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On Saturday afternoon at Kensington Town Hall, Dr. Stanton Coit, chairman of the West London Ethical Society, conducted a memorial service for the late Mr. Herbert Spencer.

After the playing of Beethoven's funeral anthem, "Meech as thou livdest," Dr. Coit said that Herbert Spencer stood with those whom Browning would call "Soldier Saints."

The dead philosopher's portrait framed in laurels and white chrysanthemums was hung in front of the reading desk.

A CHEQUE THAT CAME BACK.

Marcus Barthropp, well known in hunting circles in Berks and Bucks, was charged at Windsor on Saturday with obtaining money by means of a worthless cheque. He was apprehended at Queenstown.

Barthropp, it was stated, induced an Ascot tradesman to cash a cheque for £3. It was subsequently returned from the bank with the words "Account closed" written across it.

The police said Barthropp was wanted in various parts of the country on similar charges, and the Bench remanded him for a week.

RACING.

At Sandown Park, on Saturday, that able young professional rider, Percy Woodland, performed the "hat trick" by riding the first three winners in succession. Results:

Race	Winner	Rider	Price.
Seven-Schase (5)	Napper Tandy	Woodland	7 to 2
Two-yrs-Old H(4)	Developer	Woodland	100 to 8
Gt.Sand'n Sh.(5)	Expert II.	Woodland	5 to 1
Long Distance (5)	Devon	Woodland	100 to 8
Pond'schase (10)	Frisco II.	Matthews	4 to 1
December H (10)	Liberty	Layall	9 to 4

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

There is racing at Nottingham to-day.

LADIES AT GOLF.

On Saturday the Brooksmith medal, open to gentle men and lady members, was competed for at Barnet Heath, the gentlemen playing on a bogey of seventy-three, and the ladies on a bogey of eighty-one. Mrs. Brooksmith (six holes down to bogey) won the medal, Mr. Johnson (six holes down) being second.

ICE-HOCKEY.

At Hengler's, on Saturday, Cambridge University easily beat the Amateur S.C. at ice-hockey, winning by 10 goals to 2. The visitors just failed to score before half-time, and McDonald gained their only point in the second half.

For Cambridge, Howlett took the first and second and Shangness the third and fourth goals. McDonald scored his last goal in the second half, and Shangness added another goal in the second half, and the match ended, as stated, in Cambridge's favour by six goals to one.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

V.—SOME OF THE EVILS OF THE ALIEN INVASION.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

IT is in no spirit of Judenhetze that I have complained bitterly of the invasion of London by alien Jews. I am not Anti-Semitic. That were foolishness. I am not anti-anything.

Nevertheless, I repeat that our children are shamefully housed through the over-crowding which results from the steady influx of foreigners. They live under circumstances fatal to their health and, possibly, fatal to their morals.

My remarks do not apply to the native-born Jews. These are an admirable people, who, in some respects, set an example the English would do well to follow. They are particularly kind to their children. They feed them properly.

Not a single Jewish parent has been prosecuted for cruelty to children or neglect during the last two years and a half in the East End. During the past year alone sentences of imprisonment, amounting to over twenty-five years in the aggregate, have been passed by the magistrates on English fathers and mothers for offences towards their offspring.

The emotional Jew father would have probably burst into tears if he had been present at the rescue of the three Goodwin children at 48, Blount-street. These three mites had been confined in one filthy room from a Friday morning till late in the afternoon of the following Sunday, whilst their father was staggering about from public-house to public-house.

Swarms of Starving Cats.

They had no bed, and they had no food, except such scraps as the compassionate neighbours could throw into the room through the broken panes of the window. The same Jewish father would have raised his hands in horror if he could have visited the home of Mr. James, in Eastfield-street. There were two children here. The mother, a blind woman, was being confined in the workhouse. The father was drunk.

Starving cats swarmed in the house. The stairs and the landing were nearly ankle-deep in the resultant filth. The "bed" was nearly walking down the stairs."

He might have burst into tears, he might have raised his hands in horror, for his nature is an emotional one; but it would probably never have occurred to him that it is mainly due to him and his that our English children are forced to live like this.

It is he and his who have reduced wages and raised rents; and as to drink, there are not, I think, many English licensed victuallers who would sell to a working man the kind of liquor which I saw being retailed in a public-house in the Commercial-road which is kept by a German Jew. This was pure alcohol, 95 per cent. in strength.

"It's funny," he said, "the stuff they will drink. Look here. This is pure spirits. Not a drop of water in it. See for yourself."

So saying he poured a little of the spirit on to the counter and set fire to it. The hellish compound burned with a hellish flame, and when the spirit was all consumed there was not a trace of moisture left upon the wood.

"I have seen a man drink a quartern of this," said the landlord, smiling pleasantly. "They make a kind of preparatory click in their throats and then jerk it down in one gulp. No, I am not ashamed to sell stuff like that. If they like to burn their vitals, that is their affair, not mine. I have got to make money."

Want of Cleanliness.

"The Jews feed their children well, and, except as regards dirt, look after them well. As to clothes, well, they dress them to suit their own convenience. If they thought that by sending their children out in rags they might bring home a bob or two, given them in charity, why they would do so."

Thus to me an officer with twenty-five years' experience of the East End slums.

"These remarks," he added, "refer to the new arrivals, the Russian and Polish Jews. English Jews—Jews born under the English monarchy—are a thoroughly clean, comfortable, respectable people, a credit to our own country and better than our own people—yes, a thousand times over."

So, after a period of life in this country, the alien develops into a good citizen. But his presence prevents our English children from developing. When he first lands in this country he brings nothing with him but vermin and vice. He has no cleanliness. He has no sense of morality.

"Dr. H. Williams confined his evidence in respect of want of cleanliness principally to the condition of the passengers arriving on board the *Libau* vessels. These he described as being in a filthy, verminous condition—their clothes and bodies being infested with lice and fleas."

This from the report of the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration.

The low average sense of morality on the part of the invading foreigners.

Well, there are the police reports day by day. There is the fact that nearly all the day

houses in the East End are rack-rented by foreigners. A cottage of evil repute was pointed out to me the other day in Silver-Lined-court, Limehouse, which is owned by a foreign landlord, who exacts twenty shillings a week from his wretched tenants for accommodation worth five. These are the reports of the S.P.C.C. officers. There is the fact that in those rare districts of the East End which the aliens have not invaded the morality of the people is excellent.

These are things of tremendous social importance and of the most direct bearing on the question of the physical and moral welfare of our children.

Instincts of Self-Preservation.

Here are the words of Father Thomas, of the Mission in Bow-common:—

"There are no foreigners in my district. There is not one disorderly house. The morality of our girls is of a very high standard indeed. They get with their chaps, and they stick to them. People say what dreadful people the East Enders are.

"They compare very favourably with the West Enders, amongst whom I worked for

years. After marriage they are almost invariably faithful. You see them racing down the streets, arm-in-arm, shouting and bawling. This is only external. Their fists go up in a minute if anybody says anything which they take for an insult.

"They have a strong instinct of self-preservation. They are gregarious. They go in gangs. Considering how they live, their morality is admirable." He added: "We have no foreigners here. We are too poor."

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

CHRISTIAN THAL. (A German musical novel.) By M. E. Francis. Longmans.

THE IDOL OF THE TOWN. (A sensational story.) By W. Le Queux. White.

FRIARS' ROOTHING. (A country story.) By Mrs. Fuller Mainwaring. Elber.

CHINESE ASIA AND THIBET. (A remarkable travel book.) By Dr. Sven Hedin. Hurst and Blackett.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM. (A Cromwellian novel.) By Joseph Hocking. Hodder and Stoughton.

MC TODD. (A sea story.) By Cuthliff Hyne. Macmillan.

LEGGERA. (A modern novel.) By Arnold Bennett. Chatto and Windus.

GRAIN OR CHAFF. (A popular police magistrate's auto-biography.) By A. C. Pidgen. Fisher Unwin.

£100 HIDDEN TREASURE STORY.

ANOTHER TUBE OF RADIUM AND £12 WON! MORE RADIUM AND GOLD AWAITING SOME TREASURE SEEKER!

We have pleasure in stating that the question hidden in Saturday's "Daily Mirror" was discovered by Miss Elsie Blomfield, 41, Rosary-gardens, S.W. whose wire announcing the same was handed in at 9.53 a.m. The hidden question was "Are you a Free Trader or Protectionist, or have you an open mind on the subject?" and the lady therefore receives the precious tube of Radium and £12 in cash.

Lord Egbert Mountjoy kept his word. That was a habit of his. As he unfolded his new idea for the further development of the successful diversion which he had devised, in the first case, solely and purely for the benefit of his munificent master, the millionaire, Mr. Golden Phipps, his lordship was immensely pleased with himself.

He was also delighted with the fact, too, that his wealthy employer was gradually and sensibly withdrawing from the stifled atmosphere into which his recent morbid disposition had plunged him. The great man was now inhaling the purer breath of life.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Phipps had little or no need of a secretary, for his correspondence was not like his cash, superfluous; indeed, for a millionaire, it was rather sparse, but following precedent the young nobleman was dubbed private secretary for reasons more euphonious than practical.

The Brown Battle.

"Your new scheme is even more interesting than that of the last week," vouchsafed Mr. Phipps, thoughtfully sipping his *café noir*.

"Yes, Mr. Phipps, and I think it will give every man a fair chance. It was, of course, extremely exciting to witness the battle of the telegrams from early morn till late at night. Thousands of brown missives were poured into the newspaper office, to say nothing of numbers of postcards; but perhaps people living far away in the country had not a fair chance of winning one of those very dear tubes of Radium and the accompanying cash."

"I see," observed the millionaire, nodding his head, "the chances were not equally balanced. I see—H'm—Well, Mounty?"

"We must give everyone a fair chance. You have spent an awful lot of money—"

"No, Mounty, I have only invested it, and the investment has paid me well from the very first day. I am happier than any sprite of the Geisha that ever fluttered a fan. But keep my name out of it—spend my money as you will, so that you keep my amusement going. I beg to remain anonymous. You, good Egbert, are born to notoriety. Buy fame with my money and keep the change! Go on—tell me your amended plan for the future conduct of the now famous Radium and Gold Treasure Hunt."

What Has to be Done Now.

"I propose to change the *modus operandi* considerably. There shall be no telegrams in future, or even letters sent daily. I shall continue the daily puzzle, as usual, particulars of which will be given in each daily issue of the paper, but solutions to each successive day's puzzle must be kept in the possession of the competitor till Saturday on which day they are to be sent to the office pinned together in one envelope. Furthermore, there must be this condition enforced, that to every separate solution there shall be attached a properly dated coupon cut out from the issue of the paper containing such puzzle. Do you see?"

"I do, Mounty, I believe, in spite of my previous convictions as to your mental stability, that there is in that head of yours somewhat of a brain. Don't blush, good Egbert. Brainy people don't blush. Their

red comes from modesty, not confusion. I never blush, Mounty."

"Every day next week," proceeded the redoubtable Mounty, warming up to his great idea, "I intend scattering throughout the pages of the paper certain letters, which, when gathered in and placed in proper order, will, each day, form different sentences.

"What do you think of it?" Lord Egbert asked.

"Capital, my boy. What appears on Monday?"

"I'll whisper it." And he did.

A Motto.

"Rather stiffish, isn't it?"

"Not for the sum of One Hundred Pounds which I propose to give to the winner whose solutions are correct, or nearest correct. Someone is sure to get it all right. Our—that is, your—Radium and Cash hunters have proved very keen scents."

"Fire away then."

MISSING

CERTAIN SENTENCES, MOTTOES, QUOTATIONS, PHRASES, Etc.!

£100 in Gold and a Tube of Radium Offered for Their Discovery.

While we are not permitted to divulge the actual identity of the philanthropic individual described in the above columns, we may state that he has selected the *Daily Mirror* as the medium through which to distribute some of his superfluous wealth. Scattered throughout the columns of the *Daily Mirror* for this date will be found a number of letters. These will be found in paragraphs, news, and advertisements.

When discovered and placed together, the same form the family motto of a certain peer of the realm.

A similar distribution of letters will be made daily, in each case forming, when placed in proper order, a sentence, a message, a quotation, a phrase, as the case may be.

Readers are requested to note that solutions to each day's puzzle must not be posted before Saturday next. On no account are solutions to be posted or wired to the *Daily Mirror* before Saturday. Keep them all together till that day, when full particulars will appear in these columns.

The Tube of Radium and the Sum of One Hundred Pounds in Cash will reward the Treasure Hunter who first succeeds in discovering and deciphering the whole of the six hidden tests which will appear in the *Daily Mirror* during the current week. It may be that no one will succeed in unearthing each day's test, and in that case the Radium and the Gold will be handed to the reader who heads the list.

Here are three points to bear in mind—

One test will appear each day.

Solutions may only be written on the coupons which will appear from day to day in the *Daily Mirror*.

No solutions are to be posted singly or collectively till Saturday next, when final directions will be published in these columns.

What will be Hidden To-Morrow?

FOR THE YOUNG WRITER.

A BRIGHT BOOK OF ADVICE TO WOULD-BE JOURNALISTS.

WOMEN AND THE "SERIAL STORY."

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION. By Arthur Lawrence, with a chapter by Alfred C. Harnsworth, and a preface by W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

ONE cannot give Mr. Arthur Lawrence's sound and racy introduction to journalism truer praise than to say that the excellent and facetious little chapter upon woman's work in connection with newspapers is the least valuable of all, though by no means the least entertaining. The book is the first of the "Start in Life" series, and if they are all as straight to the point, as candid, and as encouraging as this, the other professions are pretty sure to find some recruits who not only have an inkling as to what to do, but are well in the way of learning how to do it.

Mr. Lawrence is quite right in throwing aside, for general purposes, any definite rules, as well as any definite promises. The people who have no initiative of their own, who need to have a copy for everything, and to have someone watching over them and instructing them at every turn—these are the people who are not made for journalism. It is, after all, practically a question of mother-wit or nothing.

So what Mr. Lawrence has really had to do, and has done splendidly, is to clear away all the cane and the formulas that have been foisted upon "literary aspirants" by self-constituted counsellors.

The Question of Style.

There is the question of style, for instance. We cannot applaud too highly Mr. Lawrence's warnings to neophytes to make no attempt to write any other English with their pen—or rather, as he would advise, with their typewriter—than that which comes naturally to their lips.

"Don't try to 'write up' to literature," says Mr. Lawrence in effect. At the same time, he would add, "Don't try to 'write down' to journalism." No one, in short, does anything worth doing who does not put the best that is in him, no more and no less.

The notion, adds Mr. Lawrence, most truly, that the popular writer is working below his own level is wholly fantastic. The cultured literary genius does not write servant-girl novelettes. If you offered him £100 a word, and the genius succumbed to the temptation, he would do it less well than the man to whom the novelette is the top of *Parnassus*.

This, then, to all. Naturalness, self-confidence, industry. Experience alone can do the rest. But what has Mr. Lawrence to say particularly to women journalists? Frankly, not much. The only work he really suggests for them in journalism, beyond the special world of dress, is the serial story, for the concoction of which he admits their peculiar capability.

Finally, as an invitation to any who feel they have got the ability and, which is hardly less important, the health, for the inevitably exacting life of journalism, Mr. Lawrence's book should prove a quite invigorating bugle-call. He assures his readers with perfect justice that if journalism has few "prizes," like those of the Bar or medicine, it is an immeasurably better and breezier, and more profitable business for those who are suited to it than, say, the work of the schoolmaster or the clerk.

IN THE ART WORLD.

THREE REMARKABLE PICTURE SHOWS AND A NEW ANNUAL.

Under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, Mr. Frank Murray-Altisant by birth, American by adoption, and Dutch in his art—is holding at Warwick House an exhibition of charcoal drawings, which must be counted among the most interesting artistic events of the winter season.

The drawings now on view, executed as they are in that neglected, not to say despised, medium, charcoal, are compositions of rare beauty, recalling in some cases James Maris, in others Corot and the Barbizon men.

There are two more exhibitions of works of art which can be warmly recommended to those interested in original artistic endeavours: C. J. Colling's water-colour drawings at the Dowdeswell Galleries, and a triple show of woodcuts by C. S. Ricketts, lithographs by C. H. Shannon, and fans by Mrs. L. Murray Robertson, at The Gallery, 1, Prince's-terrace, Herford-road, W.

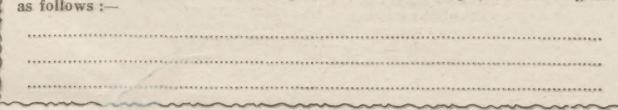
The little gallery in Bayswater, though far from the exhibition centre, is rapidly acquiring an excellent reputation for the quality of the works shown, the commonplace being strictly banished from its walls.

Mrs. Robertson's fans in water colour are dainty and graceful, the composition in each case being cleverly adapted to the shape of the fan. If her designs are not so original as Mr. Conder's, they are nevertheless noteworthy examples of an art which is now receiving renewed attention after decades of neglect.

From the same gallery, which is conducted by Mr. John Baillie, is published a new annual of art and literature, "The Venture," with woodcuts and literary contributions by some of the leading illustrators, poets, and essayists of the day. It is got up in faultless taste, and the printing leaves nothing to be desired.

COUPON No. I.

The hidden words in the "Daily Mirror" for Monday (December 14) are as follows:—



ROYALTY AT THE PLAY.

The King paid a short visit to Sandringham on Saturday before coming to London, when he personally congratulated the Queen and Miss Knollys on their fortunate escape from Thursday morning's outbreak of fire, and also complimented Miss Knollys on the presence of mind she displayed.

His Majesty also thanked the members of the Household Fire Brigade for their prompt action. Had the alarm been delayed much longer Miss Knollys's bed would have been involved in the flames.

* * *

Apropos of the fire in the Queen's bedroom at Sandringham, which resulted in the loss of most of her Majesty's small personal belongings and photographs, of which she has a very great number; should a similar catastrophe happen to the King, his losses in this way would be but small, although to him probably irreparable. There are very few knick-knacks of any sort in his Majesty's bedroom, and only two photographs. One of the Queen stands on his dressing-table, and another—a very small one—on a little table at the side of the bed, and this is flanked by a silver cross, on which are the words, "Twice given back to me."

* * *

Nearly all the royalties in town were at the play on Saturday night. The King went to the Criterion to see "Billy's Little Love Affair"; the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Crichton and Sir Arthur Bigge, was at the Empire, and Prince and Princess Christian, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, were at the Haymarket. Princess Christian was dressed in black, with a bunch of violets on her dress, and Princess Victoria in pale blue chiffon.

* * *

The return of the King to London will hasten the completion of the work opposite Buckingham Palace. Only a portion of the ground is still in the hands of the workmen, and a shrubbery has been planted on the mound where the Victoria Memorial is to stand. The laying-out of the grounds is almost completed, and the erection of the railings round the outer circle has been commenced.

* * *

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by Lord Crichton and Lady Katharine Coke, will leave King's Cross this afternoon for Brocket Hall to spend a few days with Lord and Lady Mount Stephen.

* * *

Lord and Lady Cadogan are to be at Chelsea House this week for Christmas shopping, but will spend the holidays at Culford Hall, where a large family party assemblies on the 24th. There will not be any more regular shoots at Culford this winter, though Lord Cadogan and his sons hope to have some sport at Christmas. Lord and Lady Cadogan also intend having a house party for the Bury Ball on January 7.

* * *

Lady Cadogan greatly enjoys having her little granddaughters (Lord Chelsea's girls) with her, and they equally like being with her, as she gives them a very good time. An amusing incident occurred when the children were in Dublin during Queen Victoria's last visit. At Her Majesty's desire Lady Cadogan brought them several times to Dublin Castle, and though at first the little ones were very quiet and somewhat awed, the Queen's kindness soon made them feel quite at home with her, and to the dismay of those in the room the children ran over and kissed her Majesty most affectionately.

* * *

Lord Huntingdon is making satisfactory progress since his accident, though the impossibility of hunting for the present is most irksome to the popular M.F.H., who is, in the most literal sense of the word, devoted to sport. Caring little for society, he spends as much time as possible on horseback, hunting constantly throughout the season, and in summer playing polo. He is a first-rate judge of horses; indeed, what he does not know in connection with equine matters is not worth knowing. Very genial, cheery, and courteous, he gets on well with the farmers and cottagers of whatever district he hunts, and in King's County, where he has chiefly lived, he is a favourite with all classes. Even in the midst of the land agitation in Ireland the Huntingdon family and their tenantry were on the pleasantest terms, and Lord Huntingdon and his hounds were welcome everywhere.

* * *

Any gentlemen who have been appointed to the Order of the Bath, but who have not received the insignia, and are desirous of attending an investiture to be held by the King on December 18, should communicate immediately with Sir Albert Woods, K.C.B., Garter King of Arms, 69, St. George's-road, Warwick-square, S.W.

* * *

Lord Abinger met with a tragic death in Paris early on Saturday from cardiac congestion. He was supping with an Englishman on Friday evening at a restaurant, and was seized with what appeared to be an apoplectic seizure. He left the table, and made for the staircase, but before anyone could go to his assistance he fell to the ground and was precipitated down the staircase. Lord Abinger's mother, who was summoned immediately,

arrived in Paris yesterday to make the necessary arrangements for her son's funeral.

* * *

Lord Abinger, who was only thirty-two, was an only son, and succeeded his father in 1892. His mother was Miss Helen Mayrader, daughter of a commander in the United States Navy, and one of the first American ladies to become an English peeress. The late lord was a popular man and a good sportsman, and served with distinction in the South African war. Some years ago he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, his life was in extreme danger, and his friends consider that he never entirely recovered from the effects of this illness.

* * *

Lord Abinger is succeeded by his cousin, Captain Shelley Scarlett, 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, who is also thirty-two years of age. He was appointed attaché to the Legation at Berne in 1894. In 1897 he was transferred to Stockholm, where he met his wife, the daughter of the late Sir William White, whom he married in 1891.

* * *

Inverlochy Castle, the Abinger family place in Scotland, is one of the most ancient strongholds north of the Tweed, and is situated in the midst of most romantic scenery. The ruins of the old castle still exist, and their date is lost in the mists of antiquity. Scotch tradition asserts that it was built in one night by the Picts, and that a treaty with Charlemagne was signed there, and still exists among the archives of Paris. Not only a castle, but a city, is declared to have existed at Inverlochy, long before the Christian era, and every square yard of ground in the surrounding district seems to have made history.

* * *

The late Lord Abinger's mother and sisters are noted personalities in the smart world of to-day. Lady Abinger was one of the earliest and most ardent converts to the new faith called Christian Science. Her eldest daughter, Miss Ella Scarlett, is married, and a doctor by profession, and is now known as Mrs. Scarlett-Syng, M.D. She holds the appointment of Medical Officer at the Government Normal School in Bloemfontein, and resides permanently in South Africa. Lady Abinger's second daughter, Mrs. Charlton, is a pretty woman, a widow, and a distinguished traveller. She has journeyed far, has had many adventures, and was in China at the time of the Boxer rebellion. The third daughter, Mrs. Balguy, is now married for the second time.

* * *

Mr. and Lady Sybil Grant have arrived at 4, Granary-place, the residence of Sir Robert and Lady Grant, with whom they will stay for two months.

* * *

The annual sale of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework has been opened under favourable auspices in Dublin. The Queen, who is one of the patronesses, as also the King, who is patron, have shown their interest in the school in the kindest way by lead-

ing a number of the pretty things they purchased at the Windsor sale, that copies might be made of them for the Dublin sale. These included a writing-table of Killarney wood, from the Queen, also an embroidered blotting case and heart-shaped trinket box.

* * *

The King sent a number of painted diaries for the same purpose, and exact duplicates of these articles were sold by Lady Mayo, who, looking well in black, opened the sale, and by Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson, who likewise posed of a number of copies of old needlework, prints, and pictures. Lady Grosvenor's table was chiefly remarkable for its display of beautiful old English quilts. Lady Dudley, who visited the sale, accompanied by Captain Gerald Cadogan, looked quite charming in creamy-white Irish tweed with lace, and a becoming white toque, and carried a delightful posy of lilies of the valley. She not only made generous purchases, but sent to Mrs. Brunner's stall a number of glove and lace boxes covered with brocade. Her specially-designed blotter and case for telephone numbers were much admired, the design of the former being most graceful—an old print in the softest, loveliest colouring, surrounded by true-lovers' knots.

* * *

Brighton is still very crowded with visitors, though the weather is not all that could be desired. Miss Marie Hall was the great attraction on Saturday afternoon, when the Dome was filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic audience. The Duke of Newcastle has returned to Brighton, and is staying at the Métropole, where also are Lady Romney, Lady Hope, Lady Steppen, and Sir Edward Reid. Mrs. McCalmon and Lady Wilshire are both trying the effects of Brighton air, and are occasionally to be seen in their bath chairs.

* * *

Lady Gertrude Molyneux, one of Lord Sefton's sisters, has gone out to Bombay with Lord and Lady Lamington. Lady Gertrude, who is a keen motorist, has taken a motor-car out to India.

* * *

His many friends are feeling anxious about Captain Sutton, who is lying seriously ill at his house in Curzon-street. He is being devotedly nursed by his wife, Lady Susan Sutton, who is a half-sister of Lord Harwood.

* * *

There was some excitement at Claridge's yesterday over the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, and in consequence a number of dinner parties were given in the restaurant. All the restaurants were crowded on Saturday, and none more so than the Carlton, where at luncheon time, it was quite difficult to get a table. Lady Warwick, looking brilliantly well in mauve, was there, and Lady Gerard was lunching with her son, Lord Gerard, Baron and Baroness de Sternberg were together, and the men included Mr. Cecil Stanhope, Baron de Forest, Sir Edward Hamilton, and Mr. Milner.

* * *

The latest engagement, which is also an extremely interesting one, is that of Mr. Howard Whitbread, eldest son of Mr. and Lady Isabella Whitbread, to Miss Madeline Bourke, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bourke. The wedding is to take place in April. The bride, who is extremely pretty, is very popular in society, and has often officiated as bridesmaid at big

weddings. Her future husband, who was formerly an M.P., will one day be a very rich man, and owns a lovely place in Cambridge-shire.

* * *

Miss Helen Henniker, who has been staying in Paris, is back again in Berkeley-street, where she will spend Christmas.

* * *

Mrs. Tree, resting from her labours at Drury Lane, is seeing a good deal of her friends at Walpole House, Chiswick, where she and Mr. Tree always entertain a party to luncheon on Sunday. The house has many interesting associations apart from Horace Walpole, and it was here that the original of Thackeray's "Becky Sharp" came to school every morning, and played with her little companions in the garden, where now Miss Viola Tree plants her lavender and chrysanthemum bushes.

* * *

In spite of all sorts of conflicting rumours regarding the Ladies' Field Club, the club-house is well filled with members and their friends, and to-morrow there is to be a large general meeting of the members, to meet the new committee, who have taken the place of those who have resigned.

* * *

Lord Rosebery's second son, known as Mr. Neil Primrose, attains his majority to-day. Strange to say, it was only in January last that Lord Dalmeny, the eldest son, celebrated his coming of age. Lord Rosebery, as most people know, has been grey for many years past, but quite recently a large patch of white hair has appeared behind each ear, the result of insomnia, from which he has suffered so much. Lord Rosebery has been known to get up in the small hours of the morning and walk round Berkeley-square, when unable to get any sleep.

* * *

Leighton House forms a perfect setting for the collection of some of the smaller works of the late Lord Leighton, which the Leighton House Committee have, after much difficulty, brought together. The spacious studio in which they were painted seems a very fitting place in which to view them, and one picture which is specially interesting is the beautiful "Head of a young Girl," which was the late Lord Leighton's wedding present to the Prince of Wales, by whom it is kindly lent.

* * *

The Arab Hall on Saturday was brilliantly lit up, showing the frieze designed by Mr. Walter Crane and the friezeless tiles collected by Lord Leighton many years ago; and here many well-known people were to be found either just arriving or coming away. Lady Desart was there, wearing blue velvet, and Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki were together, the latter wearing cream-colour, while Ellen Lady Desart, Mrs. Arthur Pelham, in mouse-grey velvet, Sir Lauder and Lady Brunton, Mr. Justice Buckley, and Mrs. Millsai were a few of the many others who came during the afternoon.

* * *

"Brer Rabbit" has long been a delight, and of late Mr. Carruthers Gould's cartoons have added to the humour of his trim little figure. Now we are to see this old friend on the stage along with Brer Fox and the Tar-Baby, and all the other children of Charles Godfrey Leland's imagination. Mr. Philip Carr has put them into a play, and, judging from his success with "Shockheaded Peter," the Court Theatre ought to be full of happy children every afternoon during the holidays.

Another piece by Mr. Carr will be given with "Brer Rabbit," which deals with the adventures of "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men," as related by Grimm.

* * *

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William Lowther is to be celebrated in Norfolk, at Campsey Ashe, and not at their town residence, Lowther Lodge. Lowther Lodge, built by Norman Shaw, may be said to be one of the earliest houses built in London with some pretence to picturesqueness. It is close to where stood the famous Kensington Gore House, where Lady Blessington lived, which space now contains the Albert Hall.

* * *

An Irish correspondent writes: The Judges and their families have so much social importance in Dublin that the retirement next month of the aged Vice-Chancellor and the consequent promotions on the Bench are topics much to the fore just now. The office of Vice-Chancellor is to be abolished, and a Puisne Chancery Judgeship substituted, which will be offered to Mr. Atkinson, the present Attorney-General for Ireland; a brilliant lawyer whose services to successive Unionist Governments give him the claim to the highest reward possible. I have strong grounds for saying Mr. Atkinson will refuse an ordinary Judgeship, and that when Lord Ashbourne retires he will become Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a position for which, both socially and from the legal point of view, he is admirably suited. Mr. James Campbell, M.P., the Irish Solicitor-General, is likely to get the newly-created Judgeship.

* * *

In Chicago the servant difficulty has been partly solved by what may be called the decentralisation of domestic duties. Servants to do everything are impossible to obtain, but it is easy to secure a variety of assistants, each an expert in her own particular line. A professional "duster" will visit your home at stated hours. Later in the day the "plant waterer" will make her appearance on her daily round. And you can contract with a charming American girl to visit your nursery and tell fairytale to the children for the modest sum of two shillings an hour!



Photo by

LORD ABINGER.
Maul and Fox.
who died suddenly in Paris on Saturday morning at the early age of thirty-two.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE. To-night, at 9. Preceded at 8.30 by SHADY OF NIGHT. MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30. HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. To-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. (Last 6 nights) SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD II. (Last 6 nights) MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.15. SPECIAL MATINEES on MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21, 22, 23, at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. J. Purcell) ten to ten. HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER. To-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MONSIEUR BEAUAIRE. Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MATINEES. In consequence of the great demand for seats there will be MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY as well SATURDAYS and SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.

SHAFESBURY. Lesse, Geo. Musgrave. WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY. The only real walk. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed on MONDAY, Jan. 25.

JANE MAYER TELLS FAIRY TALES at Children's parties, or Children's Gatherings of all kinds. AND ENTERPRISE. Short, Short, Short, Story, Palmistry. Music and Song provided. Terms, etc., 4, Warwick Lane, and West End Agents.

WIMBLEDON LAKE. WIMBLEDON PARK. SKATING SEASON, 1902-3. SEASON TICKETS can now be obtained at all Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s offices, and in Wimledon and Putney. PRICE 6s. if purchased before Dec. 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash. Giltspur and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W. are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

VARICOSE VEINS. Elastic stockings, 2s. 6d. Thigh stockings. Lists free. Elastic Hosiery Co., Derby. SICK and sorry, so, Look without Hinder's. Hinder's HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style. SEAGER'S. The safe hair dye for home use.

LOST AND FOUND.

TEN SHILLINGS REWARD.—Lost, Wednesday, Chancery-lane, gentleman's gold signet ring.—Apply the Porter, New Court, W.C.

A REMARKABLE

LITTLE BOOK.

One of the most remarkable little books obtainable in the course of each year is the "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK, which is issued every December in time for the forthcoming year. The 1904 edition, which has just been published, is a particularly useful and up-to-date reference work. Unlike most reference books, every issue of the "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK is an entirely new volume reset from beginning to end. Next year's edition, which is now on sale, has been increased by 64 pages.

By asking your newsagent or bookseller to-day you should be able to obtain a copy, price 1s. 6d.

A. C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE. Latest Edition (11th). This popular work is the handiest and most complete booklet available on Stock Exchange business. Price 1s. 6d. and post free to any address on application to Publishers, A.C. Guide to Stock Exchange, 81, Birch-lane, Manchester.

BIRTHS.

ALLEN.—On the 23rd ult., at 9, St. John's-road, Newport, Mon., the wife of Maurice Allen, of a daughter.

BEALES.—On the 9th inst., at 125, Broadhurst-gardens, West, the wife of Morton Beales, of a son.

BRUCE.—On the 12th inst., at 8, Southampton-street, W., the wife of Percy R. Bruce, of a daughter.

DUNCAN.—On Nov. 30, at "Westeria," Brentwood, to Rosalie, wife of Lindsay Duncan—a daughter.

ISAACS.—On Dec. 11, at 3, Frogall, South Hampstead, the wife of H. D. Isaacs, of a son.

LINDLEY.—On Dec. 4, at 17, Aleja Ujazdowska, Warsaw, the wife of Joseph Lindley, C.E., of a daughter.

MOFFAT.—Dec. 9, at Entebbe, Uganda, the wife of R. G. Moffat, C.M.G., M.B.E., of a daughter.

SAFFERY.—On Dec. 10, at 10, Clifton-gardens, Maida Vale, the wife of Francis J. Saffery, F.C.A., of a son.

THRE.—On the 8th inst., at Chiltern Villa, Dunstable, Beds, the wife of Ernest Thre, of a son.

WAKELEY.—On Tuesday, Dec. 1, at "The Chestnuts," Rainham, Kent, the wife of Percy Wakeley, of a son.

WILLS.—On Dec. 8, at Clevedon, the wife of Ernest S. Wills, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CLAYTON-HOLLAND THOMAS.—On Dec. 10, at Christ Church, Victoria-street, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Leicester, father of the bride, Lewis Harry Clayton, of the Straits Settlements Civil Service, and his wife, the late Lewis Holland-Thomas, Esq., and Mrs. Holland-Thomas, of Carewbury, Talsarn, Merioneth. Foreign and Colonial papers will copy.

CLOTHIE-BROWN.—On the 10th inst., at Brompton Oratory, Henry W. Clothier (of H.M. Deckay, Portsmouth), to Emily Margaret Brown (widow of the late Lewis Holland-Thomas, Esq., M.A., M.B.E., of the Royal Engineers), daughter of Richard Buxton Brown.

MUNTZ-JACKSON.—On Dec. 9, 1903, at St. Mary's, Duddingston, by the Rev. W. Hopkinson, assisted by the Rev. G. Jackson, of the Royal Engineers, of Warwickshire, to Harriet Muntz, eldest daughter of William Jackson, of Duddingston, Edinburgh, Stamford, and of Wibesch, Lincolnshire.

ROBOTHAM-LYNCH.—On Dec. 10, at All Saints' Church, Derby, by the Rev. C. C. Price, vicar of All Saints' Church, Alpines Robotham, son of Captain Alfred Henry Robotham, of The Limes, Derby, to Gertrude Annie, young daughter of Captain Lynch, of Derby, late of the Derbyshire Regiment.

DEATHS.

DEVEREUX.—On Thursday, Dec. 10, at 13, Queen's-place, Windsor, Ald. Sir Joseph Devereux, Kt., J.P., of the Royal Engineers, by special request.

GRATRIN.—On the 5th inst., at her residence, Holly Bank, Urmston, near Manchester, Mary Gratrin, aged 88 years.

MARTIN.—On Dec. 11, at Wyke, Hants, John Martin, widow of the late Robert Martin, of Whitley Grange, Reading, and daughter of the late John Davies, rector of St. Clement's, Worcester, in his 81st year.

ORD.—On Wednesday, Dec. 9, at her residence, "Aldermore," Topsham, Devon, Eleanor, widow of the late William Ash Ord, formerly of Sunderland.

SANDERS.—On Dec. 11, at Bishopton Sanderson, the Right Rev. G. Cheshire, Bishop of Lichfield, son of the late George Gibbons Sanders, of Bishopton.

SOUTHEE.—On the 9th inst., at 11, Powis-road, Brighton, Pearce Southee, late of H.M. Customs, at his 91st year.

TURNER.—On Dec. 11, at 1, Portland Place, London, Edward Alice, second daughter of the late Frederick Turner, of Nizels, Tonbridge, Kent, and of the late Mrs. Turner, of 53, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, aged 44.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror*

will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors. The *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The Things that Matter.

WHAT are the things that matter? And what relationship do they bear to the things in which the public are really interested? To answer the first question fully would certainly not be easy, but it is quite possible to mention at least a few of the things that matter to us as individuals, as citizens of a nation, or of an Empire.

There are many such things positively crying out for public interest and attention. Among them we cannot conscientiously include cricket. Yet cricket is at present the subject of some of the longest and most costly cablegrams from abroad which appear in our newspapers; and the fact is one that gives rise to some rather serious considerations. We are the last people in the world who wish to belittle the performances of NOBLE and of FOSTER in the Test match which is being played at Sydney, or to remain unthrilled by the aggressive tactics of KELLY and the "great game" which TYLDESLEY is said to have been playing. England would not be herself if these things had not interested her in the past and did not continue to interest her now.

But, frankly, what does it all amount to? Are we going to keep our place in the world by pre-eminence in field sports? Is there such a dearth of more important matters that cricket and football can harmlessly absorb the chief interest of the public? Surely not. England has shown in the past that the things into which she puts her heart are the things in which she excels; and it has become urgently necessary that we should put our hearts into things of greater moment than cricket.

Let us name three things of vital importance to us at this moment—Tariff reform, Army reform, Education. How much of the attention of the ordinary citizen—who, be it remembered, makes or marces the Empire—is really occupied in these questions? Very little. To many of us their names have become like disagreeable labels, to warn us off boring and uninteresting topics. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or Lord ROSEBERY may make stirring and impressive speeches, and we think we are stirred, impressed, interested. But it is really not so. We are not vitally interested in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposals, but in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; not in Lord ROSEBERY's arguments, but in Lord ROSEBERY's attractive, elusive personality.

It may be said that people cannot always be interested in politics, and that an occasional interest in lighter matters is wholesome and necessary. But people are interested in cricket, for example, all the year round, and interested in it to the exclusion of the things that really matter. If a more striking instance of this were required, it can be found in the case of a team of South African cricketers who came over to this country when the late war was actually in progress, and whose performances (which

might suitably have been transferred to the actual battlefield) attracted enthusiastic interest. While things like this can happen it is useless for us to pretend that we do not, in part at least, deserve Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's rebuke.

COTTON WOOL.

We have been denying ourselves this, that, and the other little luxury lately for the sake, in many cases, of mere faddism. What, then, are we to say of the "crusade" that is in progress against cotton wool as a Christmas decoration? We must admit that the objection to cotton wool is no fad. Cotton wool is, as everybody knows, highly inflammable, and it behoves everyone to be very careful over the handling of it, especially when it is stuck about the dresses of children. "But," as Calverley sang of something very different, "why preclude its use, thoughtfully taken?" If we were to get rid of everything in our environment that had the faintest capability for harm, existence would be unsupportable. As a matter of fact, we have a tendency to go too much in that direction already. There is too much cotton wool, not about our Christmas trees, but about our civilisation. Why, if we avoided everything some people would have us avoid, we should do nothing all day but lie on our backs sucking tabloids! Truly it is dangerous even to live. It exposes us to the chance of dying.

HERALD "ANGELS."

The herald angels appear to have already started singing—at least, so we gather from a recent case in which a magistrate acquitted some "waits" who had been arrested, thanks to a welcome exhibition of energy and promptitude on the part of the local policeman. They were acquitted apparently because, at a command performance in the yard of the police court, their "singing" satisfied the critical faculties of the Bench. Frankly, this is a decision which we heartily regret. It is no question of taste. No doubt there are people, with nerves made of leather and ear-drums of iron-plate, who are actually entertained by the hideous wail which penny-hunting street urchins are accustomed to raise at our doors at this season of presumed "peace and good will."

What does it matter, say, to an invalid, or to someone engaged in mental work that demands absolute quiet, whether they sing well in the judgment of an amused court next morning? How about the generally intoxicated and spurious Highlander who skirls on the bagpipes, or the "dispersed" German bandsman who fills the night air with unearthly moans by way of a solo on the euphonium? Each is probably an expert in the extraction both of noise out of his instrument and of coin out of the pockets of the poor people he disturbs. Unfortunately, from this judgment, there is but one method of appeal. It positively forces the householder to put his rights to the test by an exercise of personal violence. For this, to judge from some vocal efforts we have recently heard, the "waits" will not have long to wait.

KAFFIRS IN CLOVER.

Who would not be a Kaffir, after the facetious little speech made by Sir Edward Clarke, as chairman of the Savage Club's symposium on Saturday night? From his account the savages of South Africa seem, indeed, to have a far better time of it than the Savages who are wont to meet in revelry upon Adelphi-terrace. The Kaffir, said Sir Edward, has, now that the war is over, more money and less work than he ever had before. In fact, he has no need to work at all. All he has to do is to find a lady-bachelor to cultivate his patch of land, while he lives luxuriously upon the proceeds. Sir Edward rightly divined a certain amount of envy existent in the breasts of the English Savages around him. But what of the English lady-bachelor? Even she might with reason sigh for the healthful fate of her dusky counterpart. After all, the raising of mealies has its attractions as compared with the eternal typewriter. Fashions, too, can be followed inexpensively in those regions, and house-rent is negligible. Further, did not Tennyson determine with reason to "wed some savage woman"? According to Sir Edward, it seems to be the savage man who is the more eligible party, at any rate from the financial point of view; especially now that ladies are taking so much to the trowel. In fact, Sir Edward's picture is quite dangerously calculated to tempt Elizabeth to leave her German garden for one within handier distance of the Matoppos.

And the moral of it all? The moral is fat—moral and physical fat. Hear what the doctor says:—
"Plenty of outdoor exercise and brisk walks."
"Exercise—brisk walks! But, doctor—you forget—"
"My dear madam, I forget nothing," rejoins the wily physician; "but sometimes we find a change of treatment efficacious."

There's nothing else for it, Mrs. Slacker. Make your own bed, dust your room, bustle about, romp with the children, run with them in the garden. And, above all things, walk—walk briskly—cultivate a swinging stride.

You cannot? Very well, which will you do—walk or waddle?

A LONELY WOMAN'S CRY.

CLUB WANTED WHICH SHALL BE SOCIAL NOT MERELY IN NAME.

THE lonely woman buys the "English Woman's Year Book" and studies the list of clubs. There are dozens of them, so that you'd think every woman in London might find one to suit her needs. But the lonely woman knows better.

She knows that if you have no friends a club will not bring you any. For, before you can speak to any member of your club, you have got to be properly introduced. I do not mean that this stands among the rules. It does not. But if it were pasted over every door, and wrought into the pattern of the wall paper, it could hardly be more binding.

The woman with friends fights shy of the lonely woman. She feels that there must be something wrong about a girl who has no one to introduce her to a host of friends, who does not find a dozen eager hands stretched out in greeting whenever she appears at the club's At Home day. Besides, she has enough to do to keep in touch with her own friends. Why should she bother with a creature who is so stupid, so odd, as to have none? She cannot be worth knowing.

Fifty years ago, if there had been any women's clubs, the woman with friends might have been right.

But not to-day.

Starving for Friends.

All over London, yesterday, to-day, tomorrow, hundreds of well-bred, educated, agreeable women are longing to break down the barrier, the intangible, invisible, insurmountable wall which divides them from the thriving world which they are in but not of.

No one of them all, perhaps, is absolutely friendless, after the manner of heroines of melodrama. They have relatives in Cornwall or Edinburgh; in India and the Colonies; and they have a few old friends of the family here and there in the suburbs, and perhaps a rich aunt in Eaton-square, or distant cousins in Maida Vale.

But they are lonely women, desperately lonely, none the less. Family friends in the suburbs, even when train fares are not a consideration, are not always congenial. The journalist or business woman, amongst her original circle of well-to-do philistines, will often find not a single congenial spirit. As often, she has no circle—in London. She is actually starving for a friend.

What is wanted is a club, not "palatial," or "exclusive," or with a list of "notabilities," for its committee—just a comfortable, unpretentious, homely little club, where women—gentlewomen of approved social standing, with satisfactory credentials from employer, or relatives and friends in the country or the Colonies—can meet other women who also have few friends, on the same terms that one meets in a friend's house.

It is not yet understood that a nice woman may be practically alone, and actually very lonely; for reasons over which she has no control, and which are no whit to her discredit.

TYPES.

"MRS. SLACKER."

Even in this athletic age she survives, and survives strongly with her family of sisters, well nourished, able-bodied women, whose only disease is want of work.

Her age is anything from twenty-five to fifty-five. Up to twenty-five matrimonial enterprise has kept her active; after fifty-five she has, perhaps, earned her right to sit still and take her ease. Her circumstances are comfortable, her affairs smoothly commonplace, and the cry of human life sinks to a placid hum as it filters in through her flower-laden windows.

She has a charming social personality, is good humoured, amusing, and easily amused. She likes a novel with or without a cigarette, a drive in pleasant weather, a good play, shopping in moderation, tea and gossip, of course. But nearer to her heart than all of these is her sofa, her sympathetic sofa, her soft and springy sofa.

Her household increases, its worries accumulate. She advertises for a lady-housekeeper, and retires to the sofa to rest from the exertion.

To suggest to Mrs. Slacker that she should exercise her body till the perspiration rolled down her face would be a monstrous and vulgar proposal. To ask her to take charge of the children for an afternoon would be absurd, if not kindly. To try and persuade her to go for a sharp walk would simply show your unfeeling ignorance of her constitution.

And the moral of it all? The moral is fat—moral and physical fat.

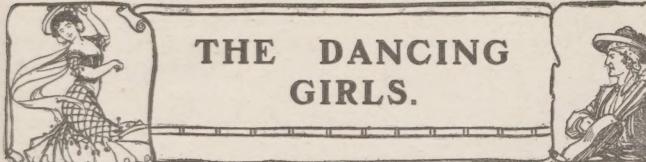
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WHERE THE PANTOMIME RECRUITS COME FROM.

WE were talking of the coming pantomimes, the manager and I, as we lunched together at the club; and the manager knows his subject, for he produces two every Christmas, and looks wonderfully well-fed and prosperous.

"And how do you get your dancing girls?" I asked.

"Get 'em?" replied the manager. "I order 'em. Order 'em by the bunch."

"From the Army and Navy Stores?" (That was when I had met the manager.)

"No, from Kennington. They all come from Kennington."

This, I have reason to believe, is only partially true; but the estimate is about 75 per cent. right.

"You'd better come and see for yourself," continued the manager. "I'm just going down to pick sixteen, and you'll see fifty or sixty of the prettiest girls in London. I'll drive you down."

A Hundred Girls in Training.

In the hansom the manager explained that we were on the way to Miss Stone's dancing school. Miss Stone had nearly a hundred pupils in training. They were usually apprenticed to her for five years, and, as they become proficient, they were sent out in batches to take engagements.

Thus, when he wanted dancing troupes for his pantomimes he sent down an order for the best bunch available to perform such and such dances. This time he particularly wanted an "Eastern dance" and a "coon dance." Miss Stone makes her selection, teaches the required dance, and announces that the consignment awaits inspection. This was the inspection.

The cab drew up at Kennington Oval—gas-works end. An ordinary-looking private house, with steep steps to the front door. On the steps a girl or two. But way is made for a manager. We enter.

In the passage more girls talking with an undernote of excitement. But these are not among the elect. The room to the left is the ordinary front room of a suburban house, and is used as an office.

Behind, as we pass through folding doors, we find half-a-dozen girls sitting round the fire and talking. They are in their practice costumes, the blouse of ordinary life, a short skirt that occasionally discloses dark knicker-bockers, black stockings, and dancing shoes.

At the announcement of a manager one of them hurriedly jumps up and dabs a quite superfluous powder-puff over a clear and healthy complexion. "The ladies are quite ready," says Miss Stone, rushing forward. "I think you will like them. They have most of them been with you before."

"Hunters" for a Pantomime.

Following the tinkle of a piano, we enter the dancing school. It is evidently built out in the manner of a conservatory, once the back garden. In the middle of the room eight young women in "practice" costumes are doing strange things with bits of wood that bear some vague resemblance to guns.

They are learning to be "hunters" in a provincial pantomime. Round the walls of the room runs a bar, at about four feet from the floor.

Holding on to this are several conscientious young women, who are desperately trying, in their leisure moments, to get five toes to a level with their brains. Others stand watching, and giving encouragement, or sit in careless pose upon the floor.

But with the manager's entrance the music stops, and a little buzz of excitement runs round.

"I want you to see this young lady first," says the teacher, and whispers something of her accomplishments into the manager's ear. The manager nods, and watches, "with eyes half-regretful," the expiry of his cigar.

In ten seconds the middle of the room is bare. But round about are bunches and flocks of black stockings and pretty faces. For this is an interesting moment, and the girls clamber even on to the rail, and sit precariously; fifty English girls blazing with health, happiness, and excitement.

The Heroine's Dance.

The heroine of the moment comes to the middle of the room with a twirl, and it is at once evident that she has made arrangements in excess of the ordinary "practice" costume.

She wears a real stage dancing skirt, and the underclothes are white. Miss Stone nods to the pianist; the heroine dances for ten seconds; and she and the music are brought to a stand.

The manager whispers a moment to the teacher, and the heroine walks proudly to the corner with the swing of a girl who has found her limbs. Her place in the pantomime is to be a special one. And a murmur runs round the room, rising to a chatter

about "Nellie," until the teacher calls "Silence, ladies!"

Then, before the manager are summoned the selected girls, all in their very best dancing costumes. They are stood in a row. The managerial eye runs along the tops of their heads, and a girl is moved to another place. Now there is not half an inch to choose between them, apparently.

The room is breathless while the manager indicates which girl is to go to which of his theatres, and when all have passed the general murmur and chatter begin again, till the teacher calls for the "Eastern dance."

Hours for Ten Seconds.

The piano strikes up, and eight wholesome English girls pretend to be hours for ten seconds. You never saw anything so preposterous as eight healthy English girls pretending to be hours without the aid of wigs and paint. But the manager's eye was quick and prophetic: "That'll do," he said. "Now the coon dance and the cake walk."

We saw both within the next few minutes, and the performers retired to their corners happy in the assurance of two pounds a week for the run of the pantomime.

From the walls the festoons of black stockings dislodge themselves.

"Thank you, ladies; good afternoon," says the manager, as he searches for a match.

As we pass out there are more girls coming in making their way to the dressing-room below stairs.

As we returned, the manager was thoughtful. I was explaining to him how my idea of hours and coons had been altered, and how, when one was plunged into the midst of fifty

material and without any precautions to keep it from coming into contact with a naked flame.

Some most heart-rending scenes have resulted from this want of care and a very sad sequel to happy moments has been the consequence. It cannot be too well known that cotton wool burns with the fierceness of spirit and that the flame is very hot and very difficult to extinguish.

There is again a similar danger connected with celluloid ornaments and toys. The celluloid ball is fiercely and easily inflammable, and if it does not ignite something else and lead to an alarming conflagration it may itself inflict severe burns and injury.

SERVANTS' TRADE UNION.

HOW THE ETERNAL QUESTION IS AGITATING AMERICA.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

The servant question agitates America quite as much as England, and threatens to become of more importance than the determination of the issue of the next Presidential Election.

It comes home to every hearth, embittering daily life in millions of homesteads that have the right to peace and quietness. The root of the matter lies in the fact that the demand for servants is far in excess of the supply. In infinitely larger degree than in England, mistresses here are at the mercy of servants. Another explanation of the daily difficulty is found in consideration of the class from which domestic servants are drawn.

Wages Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

No born American girl seeks domestic service. She wants to be a clerk, a typewriter, a school-mistress, a reporter, or, at worst, a shop assistant. Domestic servants are drawn from the tide of immigration always lapsing the shores of the United States. For the most part, the German, Irish, Italian, Russian, or Finnish girls, who land at New York by every incoming ocean steamer, have had no domestic training. All the same, they are

appeal. Cooks are not permitted to wash or iron. Laundresses are not, in whatever extremity, allowed to cook. The union decrees that the wages of cooks shall be a minimum of £1 a week; chambermaids and nurse girls £6s. Whilst inexperienced maids or apprentices—that is to say, utterly worthless adjuncts to a household—are not to accept a honorarium of less than £3 a year.

These are the business details of the charter. Its poetry is reserved for a final clause, which, after the manner of postscripts in females' letters, exceeds in interest the bulk of the communications:

"Gentlemen friends," it is ordered, "shall not be barred from the kitchen or back-porch."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS . . ."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I was somewhat amused to see Mr. St. John Adcock's letter the other day, because I thought the "Charity Organisation Society" no longer existed—even in its own imagination—for a little while ago I was looking for it in the "Directory," and was referred to a society calling itself by a most voluminous title—viz., "The Society for the Organisation of Charitable Relief and for the Repression of Mendicity."

Anyone acquainted with the methods of the society will agree that its new title is coming nearer to its real objects. But I suggest as an amendment that it should leave out the former part and simply style itself "Society for the Repression of Mendicity."

I know of only two cases which the society were requested to inquire into. The fullest inquiries were made in both instances. One was an old Army officer, who had had a stroke, and was as useless as most old Army officers are in the ordinary run of things.

It was only suggested that temporary relief should be given, such as paying his rent of, say, 4s. a week for a week or two whilst he was trying to get friends to assist him. It was winter. The local secretary, a lady, was most energetic in making inquiries. She was also personally sympathetic, but nothing came of



"Before the manager are summoned the selected girls, all in their very best dancing costumes. . . . The room is breathless while the manager indicates which girl is to go to which of his theatres."

on sixty pretty girls—and so on. But he remained morose.

"I wish I'd ordered twenty of 'em," he said at last.

CHRISTMAS DANGERS.

PERILS THAT LURK IN THE PLEASURES OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Far be it from us to detract in the smallest degree from the joys and amusements which are commonly indulged in at Christmas-time for the sake chiefly of the little people. But previous experience has taught us, unhappily, says "The Lancet," that Christmas-time is prone to bring a sad chapter of accidents (much sadder than usual because of their occurrence at a peculiarly joyous time) which with a little forethought might have been avoided.

Perhaps it is in connection with domestic theatricals that the worst accidents have arisen. Children and adults alike have been dressed up, for example, and almost buried in a profusion of cotton-wool intended to represent snow without the least regard having been paid to the ready inflammability of the

eagerly engaged at rates of wages beyond the dreams of the most avaricious British maid-of-all-work.

Things are already bad enough in kitchen and parlour. They will soon be worse. The kitchen is even now forming its Trade Union. The movement has begun in Massachusetts, and means to overflow all the States. It bears on stamped paper the lofty style, "The Household Employes' Union." No "servants" here, nor even "helps." Household employee is the delicate way of indicating the position.

I have seen a copy of the charter, which, for its pemptoriness and way of going straight to the point, makes nought of that signed by King John at Runnymede. Its first demand is for an eight-hour working day; one afternoon and one evening each week shall be at the employee's disposal. This is in addition to Sunday morning from nine o'clock to noon.

At three o'clock on Sunday afternoon cook and housemaid lay down the ladle and the broom. After that hour the bells may "go ringing for Sarah." There will be no response.

Rules of the Trade Union.

No reductions on whatever plea, breakage or otherwise, shall be allowed. If dispute arise, the agent of the union will, at his leisure, look in and settle the matter without

it. He was told they could not give money—that he was too old to get employment for him, etc., which it had surely needed no such expensive organisation society to find out, and he was left to find his way to the workhouse.

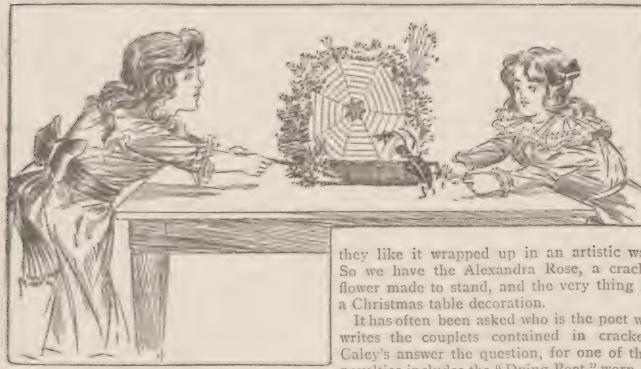
The other case is much worse. The man was literally starving—at a coffee house. His character was inquired into, and was first class. He had had good employment, but was at the 40 period, and in bad health. It is about two years ago, I think, and no more has been heard from the Organisation Society.

But, luckily, Lord —, a man of charity and business, hears of the case, and directs his manager in London to inquire.

In two days he has been seen—has had a pound to start him—a weekly allowance of 10s.—and he is put on the list for employment, and other friends come forward with clothes, and in a month or less he was in a fairly comfortable berth at 25s. a week, to my knowledge, he held for about fifteen months; and he is employed now elsewhere.

This surely was charity—and it was also business. Note: Lord — did not give indiscriminately, but made proper inquiry at once and gave the relief while the man was alive. Everyone is not sufficiently long-lived to derive benefit from this so-called Charity Organisation Society!!!

HUGH HAMON MASSY.



The Spider and the Fly bon-bon—one of this year's novelties.

Something New in Bon-Bons.

SPIDERS, OWLS, AND DYING POETS TAKE THE PLACE OF GILT AND COLOURED PAPER.

THE autocrats of the nurseries of to-day are not content with the old-style cracker with a pink or white dragee and coloured gelatine paper only to recommend it.

Each box of crackers must differ from the last for these blasé little people, and they insist that the makers offer novelties.

Caley's, of Norwich, is a firm quite equal to the most extravagant demands. This year these paper confections are more "artistic and comic" than ever. What childish imagination would not be stimulated by the "Fairy Glen" box? It has imitation fungi, toadstools, and mushrooms for the fairy-ring, and dainty paper and silk fairies to dance therein. The old woman who went "so high to sweep the cobwebs off the sky" has come back to earth for this Christmas; she forms a large single cracker, and under her red cloak carries a broom. Let us hope she will leave the spiders' webs in peace, for there are many of them in the "King Bruce" box, apparently spun by fat enticing spiders with the object of catching butterflies. This box has further attractions in the shape of fashionable costumes, conundrums, and riddles.

The Sedate Brown Owl.

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the policeman and postman and detective, are all, not in a "hot potter," but in a curiosity box with caps and costumes and many funny things. Who would imagine that a knowing brown owl, with great eyes and sedate appearance, would really go off with a crack and disclose a charming toy? but owls are so secretive.

Grown-ups like Christmas fun, too, and

they like it wrapped up in an artistic way. So we have the Alexandra Rose, a cracker flower made to stand, and the very thing for a Christmas table decoration.

It has often been asked who is the poet who writes the couplets contained in crackers. Caley's answer the question, for one of their novelties includes the "Dying Poet," worn out

of his life, with a quill pen in his hand.

THE DYING POET.

An indiarubber genius who after being inflated (not with the divine muse, but with common air), pathetically droops, and finally falls limply with a despairing sigh.



THE GREAT TUG OF WAR CRACKER. The united efforts of a whole party of children are required to pull this large bon-bon. It is crammed with all sorts of toys, which are so varied that every child may obtain the very thing that his or her heart yearns for. Some of these crackers cost as much as £10 each.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

CLUBS FOR SERVANTS.

A Mistress's Bold Suggestion.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.) Your article on "Domestic Slavery" prompts me to ask, What do we mistresses do for our servants evenings?

It was my lot the other day to be present at a meeting for starting a girls' club in connection with the "Factory Helpers' Union," and what I heard there made it easy for me to understand why girls of the working classes prefer factories and laundries to domestic service. Not only has the factory girl her evening, but much has been done by means of clubs, drill classes, musical evenings, and work, etc., to make that evening both a pleasant and profitable time for her.

In well-arranged houses there is mostly some leisure in the evening for even the busiest servant. Most mistresses remain content with providing the leisure—few think of providing either occupation or amusement for that leisure.

The old-fashioned mistress is virtuously content with herself if she provides her servants with time "to do their own sewing." But how many mistresses would like to have for sole recreation an hour's darning or patching?

Some generous-minded mistresses do a little more—they provide the kitchen with games. But think of Mary, the housemaid, aged eighteen, full of young blood, fun and frolic, sitting down at 9 p.m. to play draughts with the cook, who is thirty-five—stout, healthy, and rather stupid!

Then on her night out Mary, who is from

the country, has nowhere to go but the streets. Why do mistresses not combine to form a servants' club where their domestics could meet together and make merry, have a little music and needlework, and wind up with a smart half-hour's drill, taught by some obliging mistress or her daughter, before they part?

One servants' club at least has been started in a suburb, but even that was retarded in its beginning by distrust and prejudice. The mistresses were afraid the girls would gossip. But why shouldn't they gossip? A mistress who does her duty to her servants need fear no gossip.

R. L. Stevenson said the two worst things about the British middle classes were their fear of death and their treatment of their domestic servants.

During the last half century woman has been gradually civilising woman. It is in her attitude towards her servants that woman still remains most uncivilised.

A MISTRESS.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.) Does your correspondent, "Pooh-Bah," think that women were made solely to sacrifice themselves, and be charming toys for the pleasure of the "Lords of Creation"?

To my prejudiced eyes that view seems somewhat selfish on "Pooh-Bah's" part. No doubt the Japanese ladies are all he describes them, but no one will allow that English-women are such Gorgons as he considers them. Where does he find his type of English women?

Kent. COUNTRY GIRL.

with his exertions. He is capable of being inflated, though.

The greatest cracker of all is the "Tug of War." It is pulled with cords, and can be bought at many prices—from 2s. to £10.

At children's parties it is as good as a bran-pie, for it is crammed full of toys.

Fifteen million small parcels of mirth—fifteen million Christmas crackers—such is Tom Smith's contribution to the gaiety of the nation.

When a box of this firm's crackers is opened, then it is that the shy little ones find their tongues and the juvenile party loses its first painful blush, born of extra goodness and best clothes.

L'Entente Cordiale Cracker.

"We make all the year, and every year we make more," said the head of the cracker firm to a representative of the *Daily Mirror*.

"Our newest cracker this year is "L'Entente Cordiale," the visit of President Loubet, with French and English flags, and knick-knacks, representative of the two nations."

Next year is Leap Year, when the marrying spinster will have her innings. It is eight years since February last boasted twenty-nine days—a contingency only occurring once in a hundred years, and it will not be Tom Smith's fault if Jill does not find her Jack.

In the great magician's workshop all the

glories of the Eastern Empire are conjured up for the moment by a marvellous turban of tissue and tinsel that a girl is busy draping on a metal block. A box of tiny phials labelled "Liver Pills for Family Ills" is flanked by another containing feeding bottles.

"For Our Matrimonial Set" indicates the cicerone; "that's for the grown-ups." For the young folks and old are the wee "lover's thermometers," tiny articles of virtue of intrinsic value; perfumes, puzzles, golliwogs, and Peggie.

Everywhere deft girls are making up glittering bon-bons, from the giant cracker to the minute Tom Thumb.

Colour printing, and paper cutting—an incessant making and packing and sending off throughout England and overseas to England's colonies—and this goes on all the year.

"No, the Tom Smith cracker is not made in Germany, nor anywhere else abroad; it



"Who would suppose that such a sedate old owl would really go off with a crack?"

is British through and through," and the head of the firm smiled his farewell, as though well pleased to play Santa Claus to English children.

TO BE HEARD, BUT NOT SEEN.

One wonders what sort of people are responsible for the movement which a report emanating from a German source states is in progress at Berlin. Its object is "to darken concert rooms during the performance of music so that the audience may not be disturbed by the sight of singers who distort their faces with grimaces nor by the affected gestures of pianists."

THE TRAIN OUTRAGE.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

In one account it was stated that the driver and the conductor of the train knew the communicator had been pulled, but disregarded the signal. Will these "men" be punished?

CROYDON.

LADIES ONLY.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Could you draw the attention of the railway authorities to the fact that carriages for "ladies only" are frequently invaded by babies and children, whose mothers have the windows closed, and who expect you to amuse the children and give them any flowers or eatables you happen to have, in return for which you have the contact of dirty fingers?

Could not the railway companies provide a compartment for "women" and another for "children," which all women who like the company of strange children when travelling would be free to enter?

Personally, I always choose a "ladies only" carriage, if occupied by grown-up people, and am thankful to the railway company for its protection.

A FREQUENT TRAVELLER.

THE TRUTH AT ALL COSTS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

As a constant reader of your paper, I must protest against the pharisaism which speaks in every line of the notice that appeared in your issue of Dec. 9th of "One Pretty Pilgrim's Progress."

Your paper is a woman's paper, and as such should safeguard the interests of women—with which purpose, I believe, the book was written, for when I read it I was struck by its transparent sincerity—point your critic seems to have missed altogether.

Far from the book being an incentive to inducing its readers to investigate any "moral

muckheap" (to use your critic's own expression), I am certain it will do good by warning large numbers of young women in the City.

The story is absolutely true to life, as anyone who knows the City well can testify. If such things happen—and they do happen—surely it is better the truth should be stated and greater evil be averted, even if it should offend some of the weaker brethren.

Camberley. A SUBSCRIBER.

ROOF GARDENS IN TOWN.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.) The note in a recent issue on a "roof garden" for the public tempts me to tell your readers what I have already done in these directions in murky London town.

In building a house in the West, I persuaded the master builder to give me a roof garden—not mere leads, but actual asphalt garden paths.

Here flourish the fig and almond tree, with poplar and vine, and some examples of the purple prunes, near which in summer days great pink foxgloves raise their heads.

Great bells of scarlet cactus, with its tasseled stamens, grow; also a lovely cream and white one; also the snake-like agave, which bears an orange spike of bells not unlike the ordinary cherries.

F.R.B.S.

Harley-street, W.

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Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XXXII.

Continued.

A STRANGER would in all probability have refused credence to the statement that in one house in Charlotte-hill, Westminster, a house of five rooms and a scullery, no fewer than twenty people lived and slept, and generally had their being. But it was so, nevertheless, and, what is more, only six of that number were children, not that that difference either way.

"Do you know?" said a tired, hard-working priest of the Roman Church to Father Patrick Lyle one evening, as they walked home from a celebration in the Cathedral towards the latter's chambers in the Lincoln Hospice, a new, red-brick block not very far from Charlotte-hill; "that in the most villainous street in London there are more staunch Christians than in Grosvenor-square?"

"I did not know it," said Patrick Lyle smiling, "though, if it be true, it does not surprise me. Grosvenor-square is surely synonymous with Christianity."

"No, but Charlotte-hill is synonymous with Vice."

"Where is Charlotte-hill?" asked Father Lyle.

"There you are," exclaimed the tired worker of the vineyard of the slums, "you don't so much as know where your modern Nazareth is. Why, man alive, the Church lives in Charlotte-hill—lives, I say, and in your world it is just kept alive by artificial means. You are all a lot of clever doctors, trying to bolster up a dying man for another day, knowing that he will die sooner or later; but in Charlotte-hill you have health and strength—faith that moves mountains, and a living, pulsating consciousness of religion."

"There must be many women in Charlotte-hill," remarked Father Lyle, drily.

"Women? Aye, women and children and men and devils, young girls, young men and old men and—very bad smells." The toiler in the waste places smiled whimsically, for he, too, was an Irishman, and possessed the saving grace of humour: "They are all there," he went on, "a world, a universe—Heaven and hell; but, I tell you, there is Faith."

"You believe in Faith—eh?"

"Faith is the key to it all," said the Reverend Terence Murphy, simple soul, whose world had consisted of Maynooth, Kerry, and a London slum, a man so like and yet so different from the cultured, intellectual Jesuit, the man who lived in the greater world and who fought with other weapons, though for the same end, and under the same sign. "You ought to walk through Charlotte-hill one day," continued Father Murphy, "though, sure, you'll only find it a cul-de-sac; but it'll do you good. I'll make you see the reality of things. You're in a world of your own, my friend, you're so very superior. It's all very well to theorise and write dogmatic apologetics and trouble your soul about foreign policies. Go into Charlotte-hill, man!"

"I should like to," said Patrick Lyle, grimly. "You have interested me."

The two men parted at the Hospice, and never saw each other again, because Terence Murphy sat up all that night in a fetid room in a fetid Lambeth slum, nursing a little emaciated Irish girl, who was being burnt up by violent scarlet fever, which had been called influenza. He crooned Irish songs to her all through the long night. It was the only thing that would keep her quiet. She died in his aching arms an hour after dawn, and her last words were:—"Sing it again, father—sing it again!" Not very long afterwards Terence Murphy died of the same fell disease in a London fever hospital. He died singing "The Wearing of the Green"—the song the little girl had loved. So perhaps she heard it. Who knows? Anyhow, Patrick Lyle never saw the sturdy Irishman again, nor knew of the tragedy till long afterwards; neither did he think of Charlotte-hill, for he had much business on hand connected with certain secretarial work he was undertaking for the Cardinal-Archbishop, and preparations for a journey he was about to take to Rome in connection with an important cause in the Ecclesiastical Courts at the Vatican.

Patrick Lyle, with his uneven but brilliant past, was coming to the front. He was a man they talked about, if they did not consult. His unpopularity at the Vatican was being forgotten, and his sin of originality overlooked. It was about three years ago that the change in his fortunes took place, and his name and his keen intellect came to the front. The chance came when a certain reputable and widely read review, circulating largely on the Continent, as well as in Great Britain, the Colonies, and America, published a long article attacking certain practices, and, indeed, the very foundation of the Roman Church. It was a brilliant article, bristling with logical argument, epigram, and daring

personality. It appeared over the nom de plume of "Quo Vadis." Many were the speculations as to the identity of the daring writer who thus hid himself—or herself, for there were those who declared the writer to be a woman. Others said "Quo Vadis" could be none other but a renegade priest. The attack caused much excitement, and it was noticed almost universally. The Church recognised an enemy, such an enemy as it had not had to combat for many a long day. And it was then that Patrick Lyle arose in her defence and constituted himself her champion. He wrote a wonderful answer, and signed it. The world read it, and drew its own conclusions, and the Church breathed more easily and thanked God for her champion.

If the attack of "Quo Vadis" had been strong, daring, dangerous, Father Lyle's answer was inspired. He dealt with every point calmly, grimly perhaps, and relied on cold and soulless logic—the platform of "Quo Vadis." He produced crisp facts, references, authorities; he struck out boldly, he shirked nothing, not even the personalities, and he ended with a powerful apostrophe to tradition, religion, and the soul of man. It was a broad-based attitude, and it satisfied many people, who, when they had read the defence, thought less of "Quo Vadis." It produced a personal letter of congratulation from the Pope, and meant the future of Father Lyle.

But "Quo Vadis" was not beaten. The next issue of the well-known review published a reply. It was short, and it was scathing; indeed, it was the most terrible indictment of the Church since her Founder's. The writer cut away every inch of logical and reasonable ground from Patrick Lyle's feet and left him his garments of sentiment, enshrouded with incense, and closed with mocking laughter and ironic farewells. It was as if the very Fiend himself had come into the Temple of the Living God to jeer and deride.

Good Catholics never read that article, because a wise and paternal Church had placed it on the Index; but bad Catholics read it, and some good—amongst them Father Lyle. He would have replied willingly, though his heart sank at the thought of his enemy; but a wise editor and a wiser Churchman than Father Lyle forbade it. The duel had been fought, and honour was satisfied. It was left to outsiders to judge who won the fight.

In Patrick Lyle's heart there was no hesitancy. "Quo Vadis" had beaten him, as pure reason must always beat sentiment; but he remained staunch to his convictions. They were not his; they were the Church's.

People had forgotten all about that passage of arms by this time, but Father Lyle had not forgotten, nor ceased to regret that he had been prevented from making it fight to the death. He had crossed swords with anti-Christ, and he had not killed his Adversary, even though his Adversary had not killed him. It was altogether unsatisfactory, and it is no exaggeration to say that, whenever his thoughts reverted to that great duel between faith and unbelief—and they frequently did—Patrick Lyle cherished a kind of spiritual revenge against "Quo Vadis," and prayed in heart, if not in the actual words of the Psalmist, for the confusion of his Enemy.

It was March. Lyle was very busy. It was arranged that he was to go to Rome about the middle of April; and how long the suit before the Ecclesiastical Courts would take was purely a matter of guesswork.

He had been dining with his brother, who was passing through London on his way to Ireland from Copenhagen, where he was an Under-Secretary of Legation. They had dined at the latter's club—the St. James's—and had talked over their coffee and cigars until close upon midnight, when Father Lyle had had his brother good night and set off to walk home to the Hospice. He strode swiftly across St. James's Park, wrapped in thoughts—thoughts that were, perhaps, a little bitter, for he had been permitted a glimpse into a very pleasant world, a world that was not his and never could be. There were times, even now, when Patrick Lyle looked himself in the face and wondered whether he really had the Vocation. His brother's life and world were very tempting—the life, the gaiety, the modernity, the freedom of a modern Court; a future, brilliant, dazzling; the chance to achieve great things, to meet and associate with interesting people—all these, and more, were Raymond Lyle's. He was going to Ireland, to home, for a short holiday, and then to take up a new and better appointment at Paris. He died singing "The Wearing of the Green"—the song the little girl had loved.

So perhaps she heard it. Who knows? Anyhow, Patrick Lyle never saw the sturdy Irishman again, nor knew of the tragedy till long afterwards; neither did he think of Charlotte-hill, for he had much business on hand connected with certain secretarial work he was undertaking for the Cardinal-Archbishop, and preparations for a journey he was about to take to Rome in connection with an important cause in the Ecclesiastical Courts at the Vatican.

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song of Hellas was in his ears, and he could only listen to the Sermon on the Mount.

"Live your life," cried the shadowy forms that rose from the black waters. "It is yours, and can never come again."

And he crossed himself, and said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

He had turned his back upon the doomed city of this life long ago, and now, like Lot's wife, he was looking back. A great stillness was around him. The water was like glass. The murmur of the hive of London was very faint and far away; and, save for a few erratic lights blinking through the trees, it might have been in the depths of the country, though he stood in the very centre of London, looking down into the water of St. James's Park.

The water was so very still. Why should not move? Why was everything so terribly still? It seemed just then as if the very universe stood still.

He remembered with peculiar poignancy another such night as this. It was long ago. He had stood on the Bridge of the Angels, gazing into the swiftly-flowing Tiber. The vast Dome of the Basilica of Christendom loomed in front of him in inky silhouette, and on his right towered her monstrous handmaiden, the Castle of St. Angelo—the Spiritual and Temporal Power of the Church. And he had looked down into the rushing Tiber, and had seen all the kingdoms of the earth and the power of them, and life and death and the future tear madly by him, all the things that had ever been and ever could be; and then it had seemed to him as if the river of the years had suddenly stopped, and the voices of the world called him. He was a young Seminarian then, full of the novice's ardour, and consumed with the fire of faith. He had looked up into the deep blue of the Italian sky and seen the stars, and had said just what he said then: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—and had turned away. He had never looked back till this moment, not once.

And now he was a man full grown, with many years behind him, and the voices came to him again. "Live—live! Drink the cup of the gods to its dregs—"

He started from his reverie, for someone brushed against him. He turned sharply, almost guiltily, and saw a woman stagger unevenly across the bridge—a poor, wretched, bedraggled creature, in black rags, dripping with sin and shame and unutterable misery. No other city in the world can produce such women. There are those who have walked through London at night, and have never been able to smile as they did before. It is the tragedy of the age.

The woman was muttering incoherently and giggling insanely every now and then. She staggered just as she was about to leave the bridge, and nearly fell.

Father Lyle, who watched her uneven progress dully at first, his thoughts still far away, walked swiftly towards her. In an instant he had ceased to be the man; he had become the priest.

The woman clung to the balustrade. The moonlight shone full on her seared, red, and puffy face, a face that might long ago have had the image of the Creator stamped upon it, but was now only incarnate vice. It was a horrible face, unutterably repulsive. A tawdry black hat had been knocked over one eye, her tousled hair was dishevelled, her bloodshot eyes stared vacantly into space.

"You're ill, my poor woman," said Father Lyle. "Can I do anything for you?" He spoke gently, courteously. He would have spoken no differently to Martia Chesney.

The woman leered drunkenly up at him and laughed. It was the laughter of Hell. A strong odour of spirits came from her, and she seemed to be attempting to move on.

The priest glanced over his shoulder. Two or three people were approaching, and he saw in the distance the form of a policeman. It was evidently a case for him.

"Come," he said a little sternly, "where do you live?"

"Live? I? Oh, in Charlotte-hill," said the woman, still laughing foolishly; but there was something in her thick utterance that surprised him. It was not the voice of a common woman, and he noticed, too, that there was a slight trace of a foreign accent. But she looked English—horribly English just then. "I'll see you home," he said. "Come along!"

"Who are you?" she asked, becoming suddenly quite serious, for she apparently recognised his dress. "A priest!—bah! We've too many of you in Charlotte-hill."

Charlotte-hill. It was odd. He remembered then for the first time his conversation with poor Father Murphy, who was dead. It was a strange coincidence.

"Oh, I hate you all!" cried the woman. "You aren't men—yu—ha! You don't understand life. You are all living in your coffins, waiting for Death—how did I put it then?—reason?—eh? Oh, I forgot. But—" She suddenly caught his arm. A wild, insane light flashed into her eyes. "Live your life," she said, "live—live! Drink the cup of the gods to its dregs, live—"

The man caught his breath. "Where did you read that?" he gasped.

"I? Oh, my God!" she laughed convulsively.

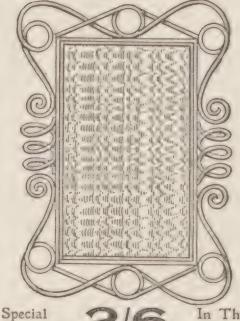
"What is your name?" he asked fiercely.

"Vera Mijatovitch," she said, and laughed again as she pointed to the water. "See—see, a corpse! It is—no, no, I am not she. She is dead. I was—but now, now I am what I am! Ah! look at the corpse! It is rising—rising out—out of the water."

To be continued.

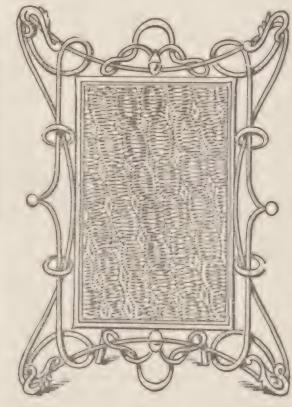
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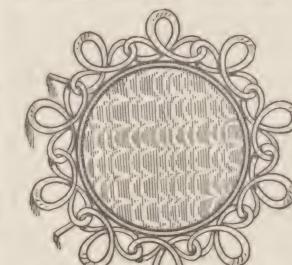


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This Veil
is
called
the
Birdcage.

MILLINERY EXTRAVAGANCES.

THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF A WHILOM TRIFLE.

WE have departed on a wild career in the matter of veils, and are apparently prepared to ride to any and every extravagant end. And, "Oh, dear! what will be the end of it?" as that funny little Herodotus in "The Greek Slave" so melodiously remarked. For the immediate moment the accepted limit is the waist, but this is swept with such indefinite freedom as to presage a still further descent.

Meanwhile, all this is, in sort, "caviare to the general" on this side the Channel, where we are still wrestling, for the most part unsuccessfully, with the short, full veil and pendant ends. The latter, indeed, are deserving of a grudge at our hands, since they are chiefly responsible for the resulting dishevelment which obtains.

A Fashion Forsworn.

Disposed on a toque or hat, with brim pressed down to the hair at the back, all goes well and gracefully, but the story takes quite another complexion, and withal one to be avoided, with a brim that is straight and assertive, this setting out the ends in a perky, stiff, and wholly ungraceful fashion, sufficient to make us forswear the vogue for ever and a day. And this in truth we might have been well justified in doing, always given the courage to combat a decree so pronounced, had not La Mode stepped in with the smiling assurance that with the birdcage veil short pendant ends are a complete superfluity.

The whole chic of this rests on its all-round appearance, an effect our artist has contrived to depict with consummate skill on the head at the top of the page. Such a veil as is here shown finds the best approval in a fine, clear, rather open-work net, bordered by a sprinkling of graduated chemine spots, and it is perfectly "de rigueur," nay, it is almost pleaded of us, to consider its services in brown, green, a rather bright royal blue, and mauve, to

Fresh Vogues in Veils.

gether with every diversity of the magpie alliance.

A chiffon veil similarly adorned runs through a fascinating gamut of delicate tints, while many "élégantes" are affecting, and with considerable success moreover, a cream Brussels lace veil disposed after this manner. Though, after all is said and done, and striven after, nothing looks better or is of more assured good taste than a handsome bordered black Chantilly.

This, however, leads us a step further, to the immediate consideration, in fact, of that quaint revival, the long narrow veil, a pictured presentment whereof is here disclosed. Lacking only the absence of the coal-scuttle bonnet, this carries the mind back without prejudice to the early thirties.

A Step Towards Extravagance.

The coquetry of the veil has yet to be

clulsion how zealously milliners would espouse the cause of this decorative detail, and, in fact, they have gone down "en masse" before its sympathetic influence.

FASHIONABLE FLOWERS OF THE MOMENT.

APPROPRIATE OFFERINGS TO MAKE AT CHRISTMAS.

FLORAL offerings of the loveliest blossoms procurable are more than ever to be the favourite and appropriate present made by the smart society man to his hostess as a slight appreciation of her hospitality, a vogue gleaned from Paris. No woman was ever yet abashed by a gift of flowers, and, as the fashionable drawing-rooms and boudoirs of to-day are veritable temples of Flora, another basket or gilded trophy filled with an exquisite arrangement of blossoms is always welcome.

Blossoms for the Boudoir and Corsage.

The offering of a Brobdingnagian basket of flowers ranks high in popularity, and harmonious colour schemes are invented that give pure delight to the eye. A monotone of hue is a highly popular scheme. An oblong box, eighteen inches by six, is covered with broad bands of satin or glacé ribbon smartly



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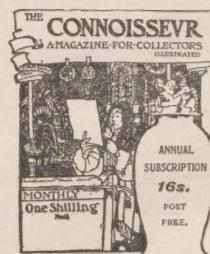
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Nourishment of a highly refined
Food, and has a highly Invigorating
action upon the Nervous System, restoring
that feeling of Elasticity and Buoyancy
that is so easily experienced by those in
robust Health. And it has no reaction—the
good it does is lasting.

A Six-ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic,
price 13/4d., is on Sale at Chemists
and Stores Everywhere.

A Remarkable
XMAS
NUMBER.THE
"CONNOISSEUR."

Just Out. Price 1/-



Contains
SIX
CHARMING
PLATES.

XMAS "CONNOISSEUR."
Price ONE SHILLING.



A quaint revival in black Chantilly, draped after the vogue of 1830.

written, but if ever the moment was ripe for such a dissertation it is now, a very wealth of subtlety and seductiveness lying dormant in these delightful envelopments of lace and transparencies. But with this elongated variety ends the note of simplicity and practicability, beyond which the efforts to be met are many and tentative, running to such extravagance as the third model illustrated. Here is revealed a chinchilla toque, exceptionally bold in outline, a model requiring, as the saying has it, to be lived up to. The brim is softened about the edge by the drift draperies of a green chiffon veil with appliquéd lace border, the ends twisted into a narrow rouleau or plait at the back of the toque, and then allowed to flow their natural full width to below the waist. It was a foregone con-

dition in a butterfly bow at one corner, and this ribbon matches in colour the precise shades of the flowers growing in its soil. One vivid colour scheme that arrests the eye with its magic witchery of hue is formed of rose pink tulips, "all a-blowing and a-growing," framed in a box bound with brilliant rose pink satin.

Flat round plateaux of violets grouped together in a compact mass and encircled with their own leaves are the favourite posies for carrying in the hand, and clusters for the muff or corsage are composed of lilies of the valley intermixed with English and Neapolitan violets. Cushions of flowers are among the most beautiful tributes of the season, and in one very striking instance the bed consisted of the fashionable fringed-out white chrysanthemums, and in another of the favourite white and pink heath. In both cases the cushions were bordered with the graceful flowers of the Queen, namely, the sweet-scented violet.

Read the Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages.

Advertisement Rates 12 words Is., Id. per word afterwards.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" DOMESTIC BUREAU.

HOW TO OBTAIN OUR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Owing to the large number of inquiries for servants, the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau (45 and 46, New Bond-street, London, W.) will (so far as employers are concerned), only be available in future to proved regular purchasers of this paper, whose names will be registered on the books of the Bureau. A reader who wishes to obtain a servant through the Bureau should fill in and sign the following form and post it, when her or his name will be placed on the permanent register so long as she or he is a regular purchaser.

The form must be received at the Bureau three days before a reader can avail herself (or himself) of the Bureau.

A fee of five shillings will be charged whenever an employer is suited with a servant—payable only when a servant has been in a situation over a month without receiving or giving notice.

No guarantee is given that a servant will accept a place offered to her (or him), and the management reserve the right to refuse to register the name of any employer.

To the Manageress,

"Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau,

45 & 46, New Bond St., London, W.

I purchase the "Daily Mirror" daily from [Here the full name and address of the agent who supplies the paper should be inserted]

I require a

[Here state what servant is required and, in the event of being "suited," I agree to pay 6s. to the Bureau.]

Signature of Reader

[Name, Title, and full postal address of reader, as they should appear on an envelope for post should be CLEARLY written below.]

The advantages of the Bureau to Employers and Servants.

(1) The Bureau takes up and verifies servants' references. (While every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given.) The Employer is thus relieved of the worry and trouble of investigating references.

(2) No servant whose references are not thoroughly satisfactory will be entered on the Bureau's register.

(3) NO FEE OF ANY SORT IS REQUIRED OF SERVANTS.

(4) Readers may make appointments to interview servants at the Bureau.

Servants should note that:—

(1) No fee or charge of any kind whatever has to be paid by a servant.

(2) A servant, whose references are satisfactory, will receive, when her name is placed on the Bureau's register, a handsome little gift.

(3) The fact that a servant is on the Bureau's register is of itself evidence that her (or his) references are satisfactory, as no servant with unsatisfactory references is admitted thereto or allowed to remain upon it.

The Domestic Bureau is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; on Tuesdays from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; and on Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

BUTLER: highly recommended; disengaged; wants place for three months; height 5ft. 8in.; good appearance.—Write M. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER or Indoor Servant: highly recommended by present master, who is going abroad.—Write M. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER, where footman is kept; long reference; height 5ft. 7in.; disengaged; now.—Write M. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN: long references; experienced; age 40.—Write M. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN: good appearance; age 44; 10 years in last situation; 15 years previous.—Write M. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DOOR-PORTER or Porter-Valet; disengaged; experienced; very smart; good references.—Write M. 34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

FIRST Footman or Under-Butler; age 24; 5ft. 8in.; good appearance; highly recommended.—Write M. 37, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST Footman; age 24; height 6ft.; good appearance.—Write M. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FOOTMAN or Second Footman; age 24; £30; height 5ft. 8in.—Write M. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FOOTMAN or Indoor Servant; age 26; height 5ft. 8in.; good appearance; good references; hunting and shooting things; good references.—Write M. 1003, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAN and his Wife want situations as Valet and Cook-housekeeper; charge of flat preferred; excellent references.—Write M. 58, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DOD-MAN; age 30; tall and strong; disengaged now.—Write M. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VALET of Butler-valet, with footman; five years excellent character; age 32; 5ft. 8in.; good appearance; shooting things.—Write M. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Chef.

CHEF; Swiss; good appearance; excellent references; thoroughly good in all branches; wages £2 10s.—Write M. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.

COOK (good); aged 27; £50; top place good reference; wants kitchenmaid.—Write K. 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (very good); £26; nearly three years good reference.—Write K. 113, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK; aged 30; £26; wants London; well recommended.—Write K. 115, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (very good); aged 31; £50; nearly 9 years good reference.—Write K. 116, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (plain) disengaged; age 39; £20.—Write K. 113, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; age 48; £60; recommended as a good cook and thorough.—Write K. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; very good; £60; wages £2 45s.; several years' reference; must have help.—Write K. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Caretaker.

CARETAKER-ATTENDANT, or for any place of trust; excellent; has been cashier in big City firm.—Write M. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER (Lady), now in town; experienced, seeks situation; town or country.—Write L. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEKEEPER (Lady) or Companion highly recommended to delicate lady or others; bright, capable; good needlewoman.—H. 15, The Arcade, Richmond.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Companions.

COMPANION; age 22; £20; good needlewoman; town or country.—Write L. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION; age 20; small salary.—Write L. 51, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Lady's Maids.

MAID; age 35; experienced hairdresser, dressmaker, traveller.—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID; French; highly recommended.—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (German) wants place; £50; good dressmaker, packer; most obliging and useful.—Write L. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (Useful); age 26; now in town; long reference.—Write L. 46, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on pages 15 and 16.

WHEN COLD WINDS BLOW.

HOW TO SAVE THE COMPLEXION FROM WRINKLES.

ONE of the simplest and most efficacious face baths for wrinkled skins consists of lukewarm water into which a small quantity of gelatine or isinglass has been dissolved. Lave the face every night with this water, which should be of the consistency of a thin jelly, and the flabbiest skins will be tightened and become firm again. Women with sensitive skins should rub a little of this jelly on their faces before going out into a cold wind, and the isinglass will act as a protection to as well as a renewer of the skin.

The way of sleeping is a factor that counts in the production of wrinkles. Soft pillows are responsible for many of the little lines at the corners of the eyes and the creases in the cheeks. Put a baby on a pillow of down and its soft cheek will be full of creases when it awakes. Lay its head down comfortably on a roll of cloth and it will sleep equally well and awake without any wrinkles on its tender skin. Women, then, should take this object lesson to heart and follow the example of an Eastern beauty who attributed her flawless skin to sleeping on a skin pillow filled with perfumed water. Some of the prettiest American women use a bag of dried clover tops as a substitute for a feather pillow, while the girls at a fashionable finishing school in Paris sleep on a small head rest about the size and hardness of a pumpkin. A pillow of haircloth, burlap, or chaff will be found a surer safeguard against wrinkles than the downiest one covered with satin.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing a series of essays under the title of "The British Isles" which are appearing in fortnightly parts at sevenpence each, and which, when complete, will form two very handsome volumes.

Each article deals in a dozen pages or more with some district of historic or scenic attraction, such as the Three Kingdoms, the Wessex of Thomas Hardy's novels, the Upper Shannon, or beautiful Edinburgh, with its beautiful environs.

The illustrations, which comprise both coloured plates and photographic reproductions, are extremely fine and well chosen. Among the former, for example, is the Thames from Richmond Hill, from the painting by C. E. Johnson; of the latter, the view of quaint Clovelly, on its cliff embowered in woods, may be chosen as a specially lovely example. A graceful introduction from the pen of Mr. Harold Spender analyses the wonderful individual charm of scenery and association possessed by different parts of our islands in such lovable variety.

The essays present the material of a guide-book without its usual distressing formality; and add thereto a pleasant spice of picturesque moralising. They are arranged on no topographical plan, so it is to be hoped that a very full index will be provided.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 132.—BRAISED SHEEP'S TONGUES.

INGREDIENTS.—Three or more sheep's tongues, two small carrots, two small turnips, two onions, a small bunch of herbs, stock to cover.

Put the sheep's tongues in salt and water for twenty-four hours. Then rinse them well. Put them in a pot of cold water; cover the pot; let it boil for five minutes, then throw the water away. In the meantime, prepare and cut up the vegetables. Put them in a saucepan, place the tongues on top, add enough water to cover them, cover the top with a piece of greased paper, put on the lid, and simmer gently for four hours. Now turn out a little of the stock over the tongues. When done, remove the tongues and cut them into three lengthways, trimming off the root at the end. Remove the vegetables. Thicken the sauce with a little flour, season nicely. Arrange the tongues on a bed of mashed potato, and pour the sauce round.

Cost 1s. 6d. for three portions.

No. 133.—HARE PIE.

INGREDIENTS.—One hare and two ounces of good dripping; pepper and powdered cloves to taste; four ounces of fat bacon; a small loaf of bread; one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and thyme; one yolk of egg; two bayleaves; one and a half

gills of nicely seasoned stock (made from the bones, etc., of the hare), one teaspoonful of redcurrant jelly, half a gill of port wine, about three-quarters of a pound of rough puff pastry.

After cutting the hare into neat joints, season it with pepper and cloves. Melt two ounces of good dripping in a pie dish. Put the hare in it and boil for ten to fifteen minutes, then put them away till cold. Mince and pound the liver of the hare with the bacon; then add the shallot, parsley, and thyme, and work all to a smooth paste, moistening with the yolk of egg. Put a strip of pastry round the edge of a pie dish and arrange the pieces of hare in alternate layers with the stuffing in the dish. Over all place a thin slice of fat bacon and the bayleaves. Pour in the stock of wine and jellied gravy, with a little port wine, and cover it; if you would like it you would any ordinary meat pie. Bake in a quick oven from one and a half to two hours. This pie is best served hot.

Cost 5s. 6d. for ten portions.

No. 134.—SPINACH PURÉE.

INGREDIENTS.—Two pounds of spinach, one ounce of butter, a pint of milk, a small onion, half a pint of milk; half a pint of water, half an onion, two tablespoonsfuls of cream, salt and pepper.

Pick over the spinach carefully, then wash it. Put it into a pan of fast boiling water, let boil for five minutes; then drain off the water, pressing the spinach well. Next, melt the butter in a saucepan, in a quick oven from one and a half to two hours. This pie is best served hot.

Cost 1s. 6d. for six portions.

stir in the flour smoothly, add the milk and water, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Put on the lid and let it simmer till the spinach is soft, then rub it through a hair or wire sieve. Rinse out the saucepan; add enough milk to it to make it the thickness of a good cream. Reboil and strain carefully. Lastly, add the cream. Serve in a hot tureen.

Cost 1s. 2d. for four portions.

No. 135.—CERISE PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS.—Glace cherries, pieces of pineapple cake, three eggs, half a pint of milk, one ounce of castor sugar, vanilla.

Grease and line a plain round cake tin with thickly greased paper, to come above the top. Cut some dried cherries and pieces of pineapple round them, press them firmly down. Fill up the inside of the tin with broken pieces of any plain cake, such as sponge. Do not pack too closely. Now make the custard. Beat the eggs well, and add the milk to them, also the sugar and a few drops of vanilla. Strain the custard on to the cakes. Place the tin in a saucepan, with boiling water coming half way up. Cover with a piece of greased paper, and steam three-quarters of an hour.

Cost 1s. 6d. for six portions.

THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Meat. Veal. Beef. Mutton. Pork. Fish.

Sole. Turbot. Brill. Whiting. Herrings. Smelts. Sprats. Cod. Oysters. Lobsters. Crabs. Red Mullet.

Poultry and Game.

Turkeys. Geese. Ducks. Rabbits. Fowls. Pigeons. Plovers.

Pheasants. Woodcock. Teal. Snipe. Horseradish. Celery. Spinach.

Turnip Tops. Salads. Sprue.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges. Grapes. Apples. Pineapples. Melons. Grape Fruit. American and Russian Cranberries. Bananas. Lemons. Pomegranates.

Lilles of the Valley with their leaves.

Mermaid Roses. Daffodils. Chrysanthemums. Beech Leaves.

Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.

Narcissus. Solanums.

Pink Begonias.

Crotons. Green Aralias.

Maidenhair Fern.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.

Red Carnations. Orchids.

Lilles of the Valley with their leaves.

Mermaid Roses. Daffodils.

Chrysanthemums. Beech Leaves.

Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.

Narcissus. Solanums.

Pink Begonias.

Crotons. Green Aralias.

Maidenhair Fern.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

By M. HERPIN, Chef of Claridge's Hotel.

Butter a Charlotte mould and neatly cover the bottom with pieces of bread (from which the crust has been removed) cut in the shape of hearts and about a quarter of an inch in thickness, dipping them in some clarified butter before placing in the mould. Line the sides of the mould with pieces of bread of the same thickness and about three-quarters of an inch in width, but cut in a rectangular shape. Place them perpendicularly against the sides and overlapping a little so that they will bind firmly together.

Peel and core sufficient apples to fill your mould when cooked, slice them up rather finely into a saucepan, and place them on the fire with a little butter and about three tablespoonsfuls of purée of apricot. Stir until cooked, and flavour with vanilla or cinnamon, according to taste.

Fill the mould with the apples, cover with a piece of bread to keep the apples from burning, and cook in a hot oven for forty minutes.

Turn the Charlotte out of the mould and serve with clear apricot and apple sauce. To ensure the crust being nice and crisp it must not be left to stand after being turned out of the mould.

Fill the mould with the apples, cover with a piece of bread to keep the apples from burning, and cook in a hot oven for forty minutes.

Turn the Charlotte out of the mould and serve with clear apricot and apple sauce. To ensure the crust being nice and crisp it must not be left to stand after being turned out of the mould.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

*Braised Sheep's Tongues. Fish Cakes.

Tomato Omelet.

Jellied Mutton Cake. Potted Beef.

LUNCH.

Vermicelli Soup. Fried Sole, Cut Lemon.

*Hare Pie. Kromeski.

Swiss Eggs.

Stuffed Potatoes.

Sweet Onion.

Baked Apple Dumpling. Scotch Woodcock.

COLD DISHES.

Galantine of Chicken.

Truffled Sausage.

Potato and Celery Salad.

TEA.

Hot Potato Cakes. Cucumber Sandwiches.

Wine Biscuits. Iced Genoese Squares.

DINNER.

Soups.

*Spinach Purée. Clear Soup à la Brunoise.

Pork.

Fried Smelts with Cut Lemon.

Steamed Fillets of Whiting with Parsley and Butter.

Smelted Sweetbreads in Cases.

Chicken Sautée à la Russe.

Roasts.

Fillet of Veal with Ham.

Ham with Champagne Sauce.

Game.

Scallops of Game.

Roast Teal, Orange Salad.

Vegetables.

Potato Straws.

Grilled Mushrooms.

*Cerise Pudding.

Sauveterre.

Olive Sandwiches.

Cromstades of Haddock.

Ice.

Lemon Water.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

